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As Dona Inez uttered a faint shriek in those horrible coils, the Biscayan heaved up the boarding-ax, and fiercely attacked the terrible monster.

THE SEA-CAT; OR, The Witch of Darien.

A STORY OF THE SPANISH MAIN.

BY FREDERICK WHITTAKER,

Author of "The Red Rajah," "Double-Death," "The Rock Rider," etc., etc., etc.

CHAPTER I.

THE GALLEON.

A TERRIBLE cyclone was raging over the Caribbean Sea, sweeping over the palm-fringed islands, tearing up trees by the roots, hurling the thatched huts of the natives to the earth like card houses, and scattering their remnants in the air like scraps of paper.

Ships at sea caught in that fearful hurricane had their masts torn out of them, snapped like pipe-stems, and were dashed and buffeted about by the angry waves, till their seams gaped with open wounds, and the devouring sea overwhelmed and engulfed them.

Black clouds shut out the light of the sun, as with a pall of velvet, and revolved slowly in a huge circle, a hundred miles or more in diameter, around a central point, where a funnel-like opening let in a view of the calm sky above, blue, eternal, and unchangeable, in solemn contrast to the fearful tornado raging below.

Under the slowly-revolving pall of cloud howled the tempest of wind, driving in an exactly opposite direction, with such force that it cut off the tops of the waves, and reduced the sea to a flattened mass of white foam, flying through the air in a thick mist.

Not a drop of rain fell at the outskirts of this circle. Only the fierce cyclone howled over the waters like a ravenous beast hungry for prey. But all around the silent funnel in the center a sheet of water was falling from the black clouds, while the glare of lightning and the roll of thunder never ceased. Far outside, on the outskirts of the storm, where the wind was less violent, and the waves rolled mountains high, where the ragged scud-clouds at the edge of the cyclone went flying through the air like scared sea-birds, a small vessel, made of the trunk of a single tree, slim and elegant in shape, was climbing the slopes of the billows, only to plunge madly into the trough of the sea at the opposite side, under a single, close-reeced lateen sail.

Many a mile away from her, but rapidly drifting nearer, was a tall and stately ship, with lofty fore-castle and poop, covered with carving and gilding, an image of the Madonna at the prow, and twenty guns of a side. Her peculiar build and rig, the enormous size of her yards, with close-reeced sails below, announced her to be a Spanish galleon of the largest size,

while the course she was steering proclaimed her to be homeward bound, in all probability with treasures for Spain, for it was in the year of grace 1664, and the Spaniards ruled all Peru and Mexico.

The galleon, which bore the name *NUESTRA SENORA DEL ASCUNCION* on her stern, did not seem to have suffered much in the hurricane, chiefly because she had avoided its full force by keeping on the outskirts, owing to the skill of a passenger on board, and not to any seamanship of the commander.

That commander, a white-haired cavalier of very distinguished appearance, was none other than Don Alonzo del Campo y Espinosa, late Governor of Cartagena de las Indias, now going home with his daughter, Dona Inez, to Spain.

The old Governor paced the poop, watching the breaking storm, for every minute drove it further and further away, and the galleon, as she got further and further from the center, began to spread her wings once more, and travel on her homeward voyage.

To the north-east, on the larboard bow, two needle-like peaks rose out of the sea, the well-known Pitons of St. Lucia, and toward these the galleon was steering her course.

Don Alonzo looked worn and anxious, for the storm had tried the vessel severely, and they were not out of danger yet.

The demons of the storm might have been cheated of their prey, but other demons remained, no less dreaded by the Spaniards, and especially by those sailing in treasure-ships—the buccaners.

The time was the royal time for the sea rovers, whose audacity in those days approached the sublime, and who were paying back to the Spaniards, at the hands of English and French alike, the robberies and cruelties by which they had become masters of New Spain and Peru.

As Don Alonzo watched the seas for a sail, now and then saying a word to his daughter, Inez, a man ascended the ladder from the waist, and stood upon the after-castle, or poop. This man was the same passenger whose seamanship had saved the galleon from being caught into the whirl of the tornado, and he was so different in looks from the stately Governor and his beautiful daughter, that he merits description, for he was a remarkable person.

He was a head shorter than Espinosa, very spare and lean, but with immensely broad

shoulders. His square, bull-dog jaw and saturnine face, were decidedly Celtic, his curling hair, contrary to the fashion, was cut somewhat short, and his mustache was thin and long, waxed in the military mode, but unrelieved by a chin tuft. Despite the decidedly un-Spanish style of his countenance, he was dressed in the Spanish style, with richly embossed armor, and gold-brodered velvets and satins, and he spoke the language with such a pure accent that an old Castilian might have claimed brotherhood with him.

"And so you think there is no further danger of our meeting with those accursed devils of buccaners, Don Enrique?" said the Governor, as he paced to and fro on the poop, scanning the horizon at every turn.

Inez was seated on the carved seat above the stern gallery, working quietly at an embroidered altar-cloth. She raised her soft eyes to the keen orbs of Don Enrique, and shuddered as she said:

"Oh! Holy Virgin protect us. I hope so, Senor Morganos."

Don Enrique Morganos had been furtively watching the beautiful devotee, and started slightly as she spoke. His dark face flushed a little as he said:

"No pirate, be he ever so bloody, would dare to harm you, senorita."

"I would rather trust to our good pieces of eighteen for protection than the beauty of an angel," said the old Governor, a little sarcastically. "These rovers, the scum of every land, are none too good to rob a church; and sacrilegious persons such as that, would show no mercy even to an angel."

Don Enrique smiled faintly as he answered: "You are hard on the buccaners, Don Alonzo. Your worship doubtless remembers that they were once what their name implies, men who lived by the chase, and dried their bowcan for sale to passing ships. But the Spanish galleons, and captains with roving commissions robbed them of all their goods, and turned them out to starve. Who can blame them for revenging themselves?"

Don Alonzo flushed angrily to the roots of his white hair.

"Who says they had any right here, senor? Did not his Holiness the Pope give all this continent and the circumjacent islands in perpetual possession to his Most Catholic Majesty of

Spain? and what right had these dogs of hunters, English, French, or what you will, to trespass on our preserves? One would think you were one of them, Senor Morganos, instead of a loyal gentleman of Biscay, to hear you plead for them."

Morganos only smiled in answer. He allowed the hot-headed old soldier to cool down, before he said:

"I only stated the other side of the case, senor. The buccaners, at least the English portion of them, are heretics, and care not for his Holiness. I do not justify them. If any such as they were to come in my way, 'tis but a short shrift I would give them."

"No shorter than I," returned Espinosa, angrily. "I would they would try conclusions with me now, in open sea, with a good ship under my feet. But that is not their game. They always select some coward to plunder."

Don Enrique turned away and looked over the quarter of the galleon over the blue waters of the Caribbean Sea. A little white speck was just becoming visible there, as yet quite unnoticed from the ship. He turned back to the old Spaniard, with his peculiar sardonic smile.

"Perhaps not," he said. "Yonder's a sail in chase of us, and from the lift of her topsails I should judge her to be one of the buccaners."

Don Alonzo started and gazed eagerly astern.

The strange sail was coming from the north-west, the direction of Jamaica, and pursuing a course that promised to cut them off before they reached St. Lucia.

And even at that distance it became plain that the stranger was a fast sailer, able to overhaul the galleon.

CHAPTER II.

THE ROVERS.

"'Tis a buccanier, beyond a doubt," said the old Spaniard, half to himself, when he had watched the distant vessel for some time in silence. "She is but a small vessel, Don Enrique. We need not fear her."

Don Enrique cast a glance over the decks of the galleon, where the Spanish sailors were clustered in knots about the vessel, playing cards or busying themselves at little tasks, unconscious of their approaching foes, ere he answered:

"Perhaps not. These pirates fight well, however. Supposing yonder vessel should be one of Lollon's cruizers?"

The old Governor's face underwent a change. Lollon was the most universally dreaded of all the pirates of the Caribbean, from the pitiless warfare which he waged against the Spaniards, and the desperate ferocity of his assaults. But as Don Alonzo surveyed his gallant and well-ordered ship, his courage rose into indignation at the momentary tremor.

"Let it be Lollon himself, with all his crew of demons: he shall not escape me, if he once attacks me, senor," he said. "Ho! at the masthead, there! Where are your eyes, that you can not see the ship on the larboard quarter?"

The man who was stationed in the little battlemented hutch at the masthead, known as the "Crow's Nest," looked over the side at his commander, in some trepidation.

"The sun was in my eyes, senor, as I looked ahead," he answered; "but I see her now. 'Tis a vessel with two masts, canoe-rigged."

"A pirate, beyond a doubt," muttered Don Enrique to himself, in English. "I would be a strange thing were she to—no, she shall not."

He turned away to the larboard quarter, and looked earnestly at the stranger, while Don Alonzo's powerful voice echoed from the summit of the after-castle, crying:

"All hands on deck! A pirate is coming down upon us! Mariners to the ropes, and soldiers to the guns! By the blessing of Heaven we will sink the accursed wretches in the bottom of the sea!"

At the sound of the commander's voice, the sailors started up from their various occupations, with vast noise and clamor, and a number of men came pouring up the hatches from below. There were mariners, in their red caps and short kilts, to work the vessel, and a crowd of soldiers to do the fighting, as was the usual custom in those days. The bright helmets and cuirasses of these latter gave the vessel a formidable appearance, as they clustered around the guns in the waist, and manned the lofty fore-castle with its battery of light guns.

Don Enrique Morganos seemed to be entirely unconscious of what was going on, as he looked at the white sails of the fast approaching stranger. He was buried in some somber reverie, from which he was suddenly awakened by a light touch on his arm. He started, and looked round to meet the pleading dark eyes of Dona Inez. The girl exhibited none of the ordinary terrors of her sex at the approach of battle. She rather seemed some softly sorrowing angel, who grieved at the perils of others.

"Senor Morganos," she said in a low tone, "is yonder vessel a pirate?"

"I think so. I am sure of it," responded Morganos, gravely.

"Can we not escape without slaughter?" she asked, suddenly.

"I fear not, senorita."

"Think, senor. You told us once that you had been a captive to these buccaners, and knew all their secret ways. Can you not devise some means of escape for us?"

"If I do," said the other, looking her full in the face, "what good will it bring me, senorita?"

"If the blessing of a daughter for helping her father be of good, I will bless and love you for it, senor," said Inez, warmly.

"Will you love me for it?" he asked, abruptly.

She blushed deeply, as she answered:

"As much as a Christian maiden may, that hopes to be the spouse of our Lord. Remember, I am vowed to the church, senor."

"Your father says not so, Dona Inez."

"My father will consent in good time, Don Enrique. But you do not answer my question. Can you not think of a way to escape the sin of slaying yonder wicked men in their sins?"

"I can, if you will promise to love me for it. Not without," he said, obstinately, and his keen eyes glittered strangely.

"Then do it," said Inez, impetuously; and she shrunk away, red as fire, when she saw the triumphant glitter in the eyes of the strange Biscayan, whose manner had puzzled her during all the voyage from Chagres.

Don Enrique had come aboard there, with letters from the Viceroy of Mexico, and had prayed a passage to the island of St. Lucia, where the *Asuncion* was to touch on her voyage to Cadiz. He had become a great favorite of Don Alonzo, on account of his evident experience in warfare; and his presence on board seemed to have acted as a charm against the buccaners, for they had seen none till that day, when almost out of their range.

"I will do it," he said now, in a low tone, to Inez, with a look of great meaning. "But, mark my words, senorita, I will have my reward."

He turned away as he spoke, with a careless glance at the strange vessel, now plainly in sight, and descended the ladder that led to the waist, whence he entered the cabin below the after-castle.

Inez del Campo calmly returned to her seat over the stern gallery, and watched the maneuvers of the two vessels, with an interest that was gradually quickening into excitement, despite her usual calmness.

The strange vessel was, compared to the *Asuncion*, a mere pigmy in point of size, and not even fully decked, as they could see. She was one of those nondescript craft, originally invented by the Indians of the islands, larger than a canoe, but made in the same way, out of the trunk of a single tree, one of the giants of the tropics. These huge canoes were called *periquas*, and frequently measured a hundred feet in length, by ten across, being hewn into models of great beauty and swiftness, and hollowed out so as to contain forty or fifty men. It was a periqua, with prow like a knife and two huge lateen sails, that was coming skimming along close hauled to the wind, sailing three feet to one of the galleon's, and aiming to intercept her on her voyage to St. Lucia.

It may be said, why should the Spaniards fear so contemptible an adversary? The reason was that under just such ridiculous disparities

of force had the buccaniers acquired their name of terror, and the instances of large galleons being taken by just such peraguas, by the force of ferocious bravery at close quarters, were frequent and well remembered. Brave as was Don Alonzo, he did not covet the task of fighting even this one pirate, seeing the demoralizing fear that was already creeping over his crew at the approach of the much dreaded filibusteros.

The galleon stood steadily on toward St. Lucia, the two conical Pitons being now plainly visible, even to the ravines furrowing their sides. The captain of the Asuncion was determined to run in between these two mountains, and fight, if necessary, in the deep land-locked bay that lies between them, in sight of the town and forts, and in reach of help from land if possible. That a vessel of forty guns should be reduced to such a humiliating course will show to what an extent was the terror spread by the buccaniers. That the incident is by no means an exaggeration, contemporary history will vouch. The Asuncion, with forty guns and two hundred and fifty men, crowded all sail to escape from a peragua without a cannon, and probably holding sixty men at the most.

But it soon became doubtful whether she would escape her pugnacious antagonist, without fighting in the open sea.

The Pitons were coming plainer and plainer into sight, and the deep bay, with the houses of Santa Lucia at its further extremity, was almost ahead, when the white foam, cast from the bow of the peragua, was plainly audible in their ears, and the next moment the plucky little craft shot across their forefoot, and, falling off from the wind, came sweeping past with a rush like that of an angry tiger, steering so close to the galleon's weather side that a grapple-iron, caught in the force of the wind, was not three feet from the side of the buccanier peragua. A crowd of powerful, bearded men, in glittering armor, and loaded with weapons, rose up as the iron was thrown, with a hoarse shout of triumph, brandishing their swords.

It must not be supposed that the crew of the galleon were idle. Several ineffectual shots had been fired at the pirate from the lee guns; but naval gunnery was then in its infancy, and the sea was too rough to make good practice at the best. The great guns were almost harmless.

In another moment it is probable that the buccaniers would have boarded the Spaniard, when a sudden interruption occurred.

Don Enrique Morgano rushed out of the cabin, spring on a gun in the waist, and shouted to the pirates in a strange tongue.

CHAPTER III.

THE SEA-CAT.

WHAT the Biscayan said, or in what language he spoke, the crew of the Asuncion never knew. The effect of his words was surprising.

The rope that held the grapple-iron to the galleon was cast loose, and one of the Spaniards found no difficulty in throwing it overboard, when the two vessels parted company as suddenly and carelessly as they had met, and the peragua, spreading her huge lateen sails wing-and-wing, went dashing away with the speed of a racer.

Don Alonzo had hardly time to utter an exclamation of wonder, when the long, tapering latten yard of the buccaniers passed over the weather quarter of the galleon, and was gone.

Then he saw Don Enrique leap down from the gun and enter the cabin as calmly as if nothing had happened.

"*Madre de Dios!*" exclaimed the old soldier: "what manner of man is this? How did he do it? He must be a wizard!"

He turned to his daughter, Inez, who had maintained her seat on the stern with perfect tranquillity during the imminent danger that had just passed away from them, and asked her:

"Inez, who is this man? You were speaking to him awhile ago, and you seem to know something. Who is he?"

"He told me that he had once been a captive to these pirates, and knew certain secrets of theirs, but how he has driven away yonder vessel, I know not. Ask him, for he comes."

And, indeed, at the same moment, the dark, saturnine face of the mysterious Morgano appeared over the top of the waist ladder, and Don Enrique entered the after-cabin as quietly as a saloon.

"Don Enrique, we owe you our lives," said the Governor, warmly. "But, tell me, señor, what words of yours were powerful enough to turn away the assaults of these sea demons? What did you say?"

Morgano looked stern, where the buccanier peragua was fast vanishing from view. Then he looked ahead to the towering rocks of the Grand Piton, not now a quarter of a mile off, ere he said:

"The pirates belonged to the squadron of the Admiral Mansvelt. I was once a prisoner to him, and learned certain things. What they are, I may not tell; but you may thank the Holy Virgin I was on board to-day, to make use of those secrets to save you. Enough, señor. Are you going to tack, or will you run ashore here?"

"We will enter the harbor, if it please you," said Espinosa. "I promised you a passage thither."

He forbore to question a guest further, with the high-bred courtesy of the Spanish gentleman, though burning with curiosity.

"Put me ashore on yonder rock," said Morgano, pointing to a spit of low rocks that projected from the Grand Piton on the side away from the bay. "There is water enough for a fleet, and you need not even turn from your course."

The old Governor looked surprised at the singular whim of his passenger for the island of St. Lucia was almost uninhabited at the time, and the further side of the mountain involved a journey of at least ten miles for one who desired to make his way overland to the city.

"Are you really in earnest, señor?" he asked, doubtfully.

"Fully," said Morgano, coolly. "I am a man of strange tastes and I love solitude."

The old soldier made no answer, and signed to the helmsman to luff closer to the wind, as the stately galleon dove steadily on over deep blue water, which was rapidly growing calmer, under the shadow of a nearly perpendicular precipice, two thousand feet in height. The sullen wash of the waves against this precipice echoed dimly in the ears of the mariners, and the wind, cast back and reflected by the wall of rock, became fitful and baffling as the galleon coasted along its base.

Presently the mountain gave a turn, and disclosed the point of rocks before them, the water still continuing as deep as ever, to all seeming. Morgano stood with folded arms, apparently buried in a gloomy reverie, as the Asuncion slowly forged nearer the point. Don Alonzo looked at him with ill-disguised surprise and some suspicion, for since the mysterious visit of the pirates, strange thoughts had risen in his mind concerning the other. Presently he said:

"I will go down into the waist, Don Enrique, and order out the boat for yourself and your belongings. We dare not go any closer with the ship."

The other hardly seemed to hear him, though he bowed slightly, and Espinosa descended the ladder, muttering:

"I like not this stranger. He knows too much of the pirates to be an honest Spaniard. I am right glad to be rid of him."

Morgano waited till he was alone with Inez, when he abruptly asked:

"Do you know who I am, señorita?"

"I think I do," said Inez, steadily, raising her dark eyes to his.

"You are right," he answered, without a word of excuse. "I am what you think, a buccanier; more, yonder is one of my ships, and I meant to have plundered this vessel, when I came aboard. Your eyes have saved the galleon. Do you understand?"

Inez trembled slightly, and turned pale. Her fine feminine tact had suspected something of the kind, but the plain avowal frightened her.

"Oh, señor, can you not repent?" she said, faintly. "You can not be all bad, or you would not have spared us."

"Hush!" he said, somewhat contemptuously. "I do not believe in your saints and idols, and your Spanish robbers deserve all they get from us. But you, Inez, are an angel, and, right or wrong, I can not harm you. Hereafter, when you hear Spaniards cursing the pirate, remember that he spared you, because he loved you."

Inez blushed crimson at the speech, and looked over the stern of the galleon to hide her confusion. Though loth to confess it to herself, the bold Biscayan had won upon her, during the voyage in the Asuncion, more than she thought possible. The very contrast of their characters had tended to deepen the impression made on the timid convent-bred girl.

She hung her head over the stern, looking into the clear sea, and painfully conscious of the flush that dyed her very neck as the disguised buccanier proceeded, in a low, impassioned tone:

"Inez del Campo, I am a man who never yet spared one of your nation; and who has sworn vengeance on them for the injuries they have done me and my countrymen. Till I knew you, I believed them all alike, cowards and tyrants, robbers of helpless Indians, to flee before brave men. But you have changed all that with your angel face and ways. Here before God I swear, if you will be mine, I will leave the sea, and become what I have hated, a Spaniard in truth. You love me already. Say you will wed me, and all the riches of the Indies shall be poured at your feet forever. Inez, speak. I will not force you; but if you refuse to save your countrymen, on your head be the evils that follow; for I swear that I will never more show mercy to a Spaniard."

The girl made no answer; indeed, she was hardly conscious of his words in the tumult of her emotions. But as she sat there, gazing down into the clear, dark waters, unusually transparent as they were, a strange sight slowly began to dawn on her senses, which, for the time, completely distracted her attention from the other's words. Deep down in those transparent waters she became conscious of the baleful light of a pair of eyes, green and glaring like those of a cat, but of enormous size: eyes as large as a common plate or dish, and set about two feet apart. Nothing else was visible in the dark waters, but those fearful eyes, and yet there was a nameless, hungry horror in their aspect, which froze the blood in spite of the vagueness of the peril. Involuntarily she rose with a shudder, and exclaimed, as she clung to him:

"Oh, Morgano, Morgano, if you love me, save me from that fearful monster!"

The Biscayan started at the words, and advanced hastily to the side of the ship. No sooner had he looked over, than he too shuddered, in spite of all his courage.

The baleful green eyes were close to the surface, and the form of the monster to which they belonged was plainly visible.

And what a form!

Fancy a rounded, shapeless body, like that of a toad, but twice as large as a common hog-head, with long, snaky arms twisting and writhing about under the water, as long as the galleon herself, and inexpressibly loathsome in appearance!

Only one look did the Biscayan give, and then he sprung to the mainmast, where a sheaf of weapons hung, and seized a prospecting boarding-ax, shouting, in stentorian tones:

"CUIDADO EL GATO DEL MAR!" (*Warn the sea-cat!*)

That name produced a fearful commotion in the vessel. Shouts of warning and yells of terror arose on all sides, while the crew rushed to the masts for axes.

It needed no explanation to tell them of the fearful enemy that was about to assail them. They had heard of it before, in the superstitious yarns of brother-sailors, and one or two of the crew had seen the monster before. Many, paralyzed with fear, sunk on their knees and prayed to the Madonna to save them, too cowardly to make an effort to save themselves.

And Dona Inez, half dead with terror herself, when she saw the effect produced even on the daring Morgano, stood in the midst of the after-cabin, close to the taffrail, gazing down, as if fascinated, on the horrible nightmare called the sea-cat.

Except for the green, fiery eyes, there was no likeness to a cat. A spider, as large as an elephant, with exaggerated snaky limbs, was more like the monster; but the green, hungry eyes were still fixed on the girl's face, and she felt as if she leaned over the side and attracted its attention. She could see the whole of the loathsome terror plainly, and yet was unable to move back. The shouts of sailors and soldiers sounded in her ears like a noise in a dream, and she slowly moved toward the taffrail, like a bird charmed by the serpent.

Then, all of a sudden, the lately-quietest nightmare woke to life. One of the long, snaky arms writhed up from the sea, as thick as a ship's cable, darted over the bulwarks, and entwined the hapless girl in its fearful coils. Seven more of the loathsome, writhing weapons came streaming up at various places in the galleon, and the confusion became fearful, while the sea-cat raised its body half out of the water by the force of those arms, revealing a broad mouth in its belly, garnished with tusks, the incarnation of devilish, though blind, voracity.

As Dona Inez uttered a faint shriek in those horrible coils, the Biscayan heaved up the boarding-ax, and fiercely attacked the terrible monster.

(To be continued.)

A SHARP soldier, being on picket reserve, went to a house, as he said, to borrow a frying-pan, but for what none could imagine, as there was nothing to fry. However, he went to the house, and knocked at the door, which was opened by a lady, who asked what he wished.

"Madam, could you lend me a frying-pan? I belong to the picket down here." Yes, sir, and forthwith came the pan. He took it, looked in it, turned it over, and looked at the bottom, and then turned it over again, and looked into it very hard, as if not certain that it was clean.

"Well, sir," said the lady, "can I do anything more for you?" "Could—could—you lend me a piece of meat to fry in it, ma'am?" and he laughed. He got it.

COULD YOU.

BY E. NORMAN GUNNISON.

Could you lay your hand in mine, love,
As you laid it long ago,
When the air was frosted with love,
And the earth was sparkling with snow?
Could you kiss me as you kissed me,
And our lips meet as they met,
Ah! there never was a joy, love,
But was answered with regret.

Is it ages that have passed love,
Is it centuries? Is it days?
Has the winter and the blast, love,
Blotted out the olden days?
Other arms have fondly pressed thee,
Other lips caressed than mine,
Other have perched on thy breast,
Since the days of "Auld Lang Syne."

Could you meet me, could you greet me,
As we met when life was sweet,
When the chiming bells beat music
To the rhythm of dancing feet,
When our hearts beat wild with pleasure,
Earth was joyous, life was new;
When our love was all our treasure,
I was happy, you were true!

Could I clasp you, could I hold you,
Could my kisses rain in showers,
Could my arms once more enfold you—
Autumn leaves bring summer flowers?
Could the stars bring back the olden days,
Of the bells, bring back once more
All the sweetness and completeness
Of the vanished days of yore!

Vainly would these arms surround thee,
Vainly would this heart enfold;
Woman's love—a sea to drown thee!
Woman's warmth—a winter's cold!
Yet the ringing and the singing
Of the bells, bring back to me
Other days when thou wert mine, love,
And thy heart was all to me.

The Beautiful Forger:

OR,
THE ADVENTURES OF A YOUNG GIRL.

BY MRS. E. F. ELLETT,
AUTHOR OF "MADRESINE'S MARRIAGE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE YOUNG KNIGHT.

It seemed that two hours had passed, for the light had sensibly grown dimmer, when the door was unlocked. Some one came in, and closed and locked it behind him. Helen sprang instantly to her feet.

She saw his face at last. It was the man who had accosted her upon the *azotea*, who had passed her with a bow on the road.

With white face, parted lips and wide-open eyes, she stared, glaring at him. She could not articulate a word.

He sat down on the table a tray he had brought, containing wine, food and fruits. He stood at a respectful distance, and looked at the girl.

"Will you take some wine?" he asked, at length, in a gentle voice.

"Who are you?" demanded the girl.

"My name is Queredos, and much at your service," was the reply, with a bow.

"I do not know you. Why have you brought me here?"

"You will know that soon enough!"

"Where is Walter Ormsley?"

"How can I tell? He left you, and your horse was running away when I saved you from being dashed upon the rocks."

"He did not leave me. One of you fired on him, and he turned back to meet the danger—to protect me! Oh, Walter! Walter!"

"Don't be distressed, young lady; he was not killed. He is safe enough, I'll warrant you. Nobody wanted to hurt him; it was you I wanted."

"Why! Why have you brought me here?"

"Can not you guess?"

"No. I never harmed you. I never saw you till last evening."

"I had seen you before, but not to know you. I loved you at first sight. At the second I resolved to have you for my own."

"Oh, my father, my father!" the frightened girl sobbed.

"I don't want to deceive you in any thing. I am an outlaw, and you won't have the gentility of the country coming after you as my wife. But I have plenty of money, and money coming in every day, with a prospect of a very large haul by and by. You may consider this house your own, and if you fancy a change, I may take you to a nice snug place in the mountains, if you are very good."

"Oh, sir," cried Helen, sinking on her knees, "have you no mercy? no pity? Let me go to my father!"

"Stuff and nonsense! No; I have no pity for blubberers, when there's nothing the matter! If you don't like marrying a brigand, why, I'll tell you your comfort that I'm going to quit that sort of thing when a certain business is finished up. Then you can go to San Francisco, and queen it among the finest."

The poor girl continued her sobs and entreaties to be restored to her father.

"Have done with all that," cried the outlaw, irritated beyond bearing. "Your father be hanged for a poor stick! It was I who carried him off!"

"You?" exclaimed Helen.

"Yes, while you were asleep; and he hadn't a chance to whisper! A fellow of any tone would have made right. I shut him up; and, if he had stayed and made terms, it would have been better for him."

"Then you are a robber—a mean wretch—who breaks into houses for money, and makes war on old men and young girls!" cried the captive, surveying the man scornfully.

He laughed aloud. "All right, my beauty; your rage is mighty becoming."

"You are a villain, sir!"

"A villain you'll have to own for your lord and master."

"Never!" shrieked Helen. "You have me in your power; you may murder me, as you have done others; but you can not make me marry you—nor live with you."

"We will see about that," growled the outlaw, again laughing, as if the indignation of the girl amused him.

At that instant the door was tried and shaken violently. Queredos called out to know who was there.

Some one leaped on the stone balcony on which the windows opened; and a heavy crash burst in the glass, frame and all, of one of them. A man leaped into the room.

Helen rushed toward him with a cry of joy.

"Oh, Walter! Walter!" she exclaimed, clinging to his arm. "You are come to save me!"

"Helen, darling Helen!" and he clasped her closely for a second; but in another instant the outlaw was upon him.

The young man drew his revolver quickly, but had no time to use it before the Mexican had clutched his arm to wrest it from him.

A terrible scuffle ensued. Walter was the more lithe and active; but the other more robust and massive; it was hard to tell who would be the victor. Helen retreated to the other side of the room, her hands clasped, her white face upturned in speechless prayer, her breast heaving as she caught her breath in suffocating sobs.

The pistol had fallen from the young man's hand, and each of the struggling adversaries

was trying to seize it. As soon as the girl saw this, she rushed forward, snatched up the weapon and gave it to Walter. Before he had time to draw back and prevent it, it went off, wounding Queredos in the shoulder.

His hold on his enemy relaxed, his arm fell to his side; he staggered back, and sunk upon the leather couch.

At the same moment there was an uproar outside, and several persons were trying to burst open the door. The outlaw's attendants had heard the noise of the scuffle and come to see what was the matter.

"This way, Helen, quickly!" cried Walter, and, seizing the girl's arm, he drew her to the window as the only means of escape.

But their enemies were there already. The young man found himself a prisoner the instant he had set his foot on the balcony.

Both he and the girl were forced back into the room. One of the robbers leaped in after them, and unfasted the door, which he flung wide open. Then the others rushed in.

Their chief lay on the couch, weltering in the blood that flowed from his wound, and uttering groans, mingled with curses. Some of his men rushed to tear off his dress and examine the wound; others pinioned Walter's arms and feet.

The room was filled with loud cries, vehement execrations and shouts that the young man who had assaulted their chief should be instantly killed.

Helen flew to his side and threw her arms round him.

"They shall not touch him!" she cried, passionately, "unless they kill me first!"

The youth could not enfold her in his arms, but he whispered, in a voice that showed his deep emotion:

"Oh, Helen, my own love! I would die willingly, knowing that you care for me like this!"

The knives of the furious men, drawn for the purpose, would have been buried in his breast before he could speak again, but the voice of their leader stopped them.

"Let him alone, will you? The killing of him is a luxury I reserve for myself. I will shoot the man who draws a drop of blood from him."

The subordinate fell back, obedient.

"Take him to the lower room over the lake; the strong lock-up, and see that the windows are fast," commanded the chief. "Keep him there till I get over this scratch, and I will settle with him! He will never cross the path of Queredos again. Away with him, and give him plenty to eat and drink. I can afford to wait to get my pay out of him!"

They dragged the bound prisoner out of the room. His looks were bent on Helen to the last. She heard them opening the doors as they led him down the stone staircase.

"And, two of you, take this fair lady to the alcove room above. That looks on the lake too, and she can hear her lover sing her serenades by starlight. She will not get out of that cage very easily. Farewell for the present, my charmer; as soon as I am better, I will pay you a visit. Now, attend to me."

The last words were addressed to one of his men, who had bared his shoulder to look at the wound, and prepare bandages for the dressings.

The robber chief always kept an attendant who had surgical knowledge enough to be available for relief in wounds or sudden illness.

Helen was taken by her jailers up the steep flights of stairs, into a room on the other side of the building. It was very scantily furnished, but there was a bed in an alcove, a table, and two wooden chairs. One of the men ran back and brought up the tray with wine and refreshments, which had stood in the room where the scuffle had taken place.

He then bowed low and withdrew, locking the door after them.

It was a gloomy room, much smaller than the one she had quitted, with a single large window. It had a sash with small panes, framed in wood as tough as iron, but no bars. It opened upon the lake, and the waves dashed against the walls far below with a sullen splash. No need of bars; no captive could escape, except to a death by drowning.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE MIDNIGHT VISITOR.

THE prospect was grim enough. Imprisonment for both the youth and the girl, with no possibility of communication. Helen shuddered as she thought of their situation. As soon as the ruffian should recover from his wound he had said he would murder Walter with his own hands. And for herself, what fate was destined?

Thoughts like these pressed on the poor girl till her head throbbed and burned; till she feared reason itself would desert her.

She had thrown herself on the bed in utter despair, for even prayer seemed denied to her. She suffered agony a thousand times worse than death, till the very weight of her misery dulled the sense of feeling, and she sunk into a stupor.

How long she lay in this stupor she had no means of knowing. Night had come, and the room was in total darkness.

The first thing she noticed, on recovering her consciousness, was the monotonous plashing of the water far below. It seemed to soothe her now. By an effort she kept her thoughts from dwelling on the maddening fears that held possession of her, and the continued sound of the water lulled her senses, while the pain in her head grew lighter. In a short time she had sunk into a quiet slumber.

This continued some hours, and might have lasted till daylight, but the girl was suddenly awakened by the flashing of a light before her eyes. She started up suddenly, fully in possession of her senses, and gave a faint cry, which was instantly checked.

A woman, dressed in long white garments, stood by her bed, holding a wax taper in her hand. The other hand was raised with a gesture of caution.

With wide-open eyes and parted lips the startled girl gazed at this strange apparition. It was a tall, thin woman, pale and emaciated, her drawn features, her sickly pallor, the faded lack-luster appearance of her eyes, looked like premature old age or confirmed ill-health. She was steadfastly regarding Helen; but it was difficult to read any expression in that cadaverous countenance.

The sight of one of her own sex gave the captive a gleam of hope. She sprang from the bed, and caught the hand of her visitor.

"Oh, madam," she cried, "save me! Take me out of this place!"

"Hush—hush!" answered the woman. "If you make a noise, you will ruin yourself—and me too."

The girl suppressed her very breathing, but her appealing look was a prayer for aid.

"Listen," whispered the pale woman. "I know for what you were brought here; to marry Queredos. You can not marry him; he has a wife already."

"I would rather fling myself into the lake!" said Helen, in a low tone of intense resolve.

"Look at me! I am the wife of the chief," the girl looked surprised, but made no answer.

"I am faded and worn to a shadow, but I

was once, girl, as beautiful as you are. Queredos loved me then. He took me to his lodge in the mountains; and I rode out with him when he went to hunt. Then he grew weary of me, and he brought me here, and said I was to stay. I have been ill—very ill; I dislike this place; I suffer here; I have suffered more than I can tell you."

"Why not leave it, then?" whispered Helen.

"Because I dare not. I am afraid of the chief. I do not fear that he would kill me; but he would be angry; and I fear his frown, for I love him! Yes, no one ever loved the chief as I love him. The dark woman he has served so well—she who has drawn him into a league about those Spanish papers—does not care for him at all."

These words were unintelligible to Helen. She went back to her first idea, and begged the woman to take her away.

"I can not do that," she answered. "They all know I have keys to all these rooms, and that I can visit them when I please. If you escaped, they would know that I helped you, and the chief would never forgive me. Besides, there is one of his men in the next room but one; just opposite the stairway, and the door is open. You could not pass without his seeing you, and he would rush out and drag you back."

"Poor Helen! she could not suppress a moan of disappointment."

"But there is a way!" continued the woman. "The young man who tried to rescue you is shut up in the lower dungeon. He can escape, and bring people to demand your release."

The girl clasped the woman's hand in her own cold and trembling ones, and looked up eagerly.

"You can send him a letter."

She produced a sheet of paper and a pencil, which she gave to Helen.

"Write at once. Tell the young man you will lower a knife to him presently. His room is two stories below this."

Helen took the pencil and wrote:

"DEAR WALTER: I am a prisoner—but a friend has brought me writing material. If you can escape, send me word what I can do to help you. I will send down a knife as soon as I know you have received this in safety."

HELEN.

She folded this with trembling fingers, and her companion quickly tied it to some twine, at the end of which she had fastened a piece of lead and a large cork. The note was tied three feet above these, with a blank piece of paper and another pencil.

Then the woman went to the window and opened it carefully, making no noise.

She had some pebbles in her hands, and one of them she dropped. The sound of its plunge into the water might be heard in the silence.

Another and another pebble followed it at intervals

heard voices below, and saw a boat with a man in it shoot out from one of the lower rooms. The man was pulling lustily after the prisoner. The boat visibly gained on him. Alas! what chance for the youth, spent with swimming, against his enemy armed with two oars, with which he could strike him as he came near!

It was no doubt the pursuer's intention to disable his victim, and drown if he could not capture him. But Walter was too quick for him. The man had ceased rowing as he came near the swimmer, and lifted one of his hands to strike him. Quickly turning so as to be out of reach, Walter came behind the boat, plunged under it, and clutched the bottom with both hands.

The boatman struck at him as he passed, but the blow fell harmless on the water, and the man, stooping forward as he was, was thrown off his balance by the lurch given to the boat from underneath. He fell headlong into the water.

Walter, emerging close beside the craft, snatched the oar, and in an instant had grasped the boat, and was climbing into it, while his adversary was floundering in the water. Helen, from the high window, saw the struggle, and was almost in despair. But when she saw the figure standing up in the boat and waving a white handkerchief on the end of the oar toward her, then she knew that her lover was saved, and burst into tears of joy.

She gave no heed to the man swimming back, but continued to watch the receding boat. Its course was changed; it was now pulled toward the more distant shore. The fugitive would surely gain it before there could be any further pursuit.

The man who had lost the boat at length came ashore, dripping and exhausted, and ready to burst with mortification and fury. There was an uproar of voices when the escape was discovered, and none of them dared keep the matter a secret from their chief.

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 155.)

Cat and Tiger:

OR,
THE STAR OF DIAMONDS.
A ROMANCE OF LOVE AND MYSTERY.

BY A. P. MORRIS, JR.,
AUTHOR OF "BLACK HAND," "IRON AND GOLD," "RED SCORPION," "PEARL OF PEARLS," "HERCULES," "HUNCHBACK," "PLUMING TALESMAN," "BLACK CHESTNUT," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XX.

CAN IT BE?

It will be seen that Cortez Mendoza had been threatened by the Green Shadow ever since the night of his arrest, in New Orleans, fifteen years prior to the date to which we now come—when he had received the letter in green ink, forwarding him to a ceaseless hunt for the Green Shadow. We have heard Helene Cercey tell her maid, Eloise, that she had been followed by this strange presence for a period of about fifteen years.

We see that the parties occupying the house next to that in which Helene lived, must have published a fictitious name in that of *Caolo*—which glared on the doorplate; for we recollect Gael, the muscular negro, and Zetta, the superstitious maid, called their young mistress "Zuelo Nanez." And whether Zuelo Nanez was the true name of the lovely young brunette, or whether it was assumed for cogent reasons—and, if assumed or false, whether Zuelo Nanez knew of any such fact herself, is not apparent. But, to resume the action of our drama.

When Helene saw that the knife which she sent whizzing after the Spaniard, had missed its mark, she turned to Eloise, who lay at her feet, white and motionless in a swoon. Snatching up a pitcher from a convenient table, she dashed some cold water in the face of the maid.

"Rouse up!" she cried. "You have made me nervous with your screaming—else, I could have been able to cast that dagger true. Rouse up, I say!"

"Oh, madame!" exclaimed Eloise, tremulously, as she opened her eyes and stared about her in a frightened way.

"Come—you are silly!"

"Oh! it was horrible!"

"Pah!"

"Did you see it, madame?"

"What?—the shape of green, with eyes and voice and head, yet no face?"

"Yes, shuddering."

"I saw it. It is gone now; get up."

Eloise slowly arose. She glanced timidly around, and asked, in a whisper:

"And is he gone?"

"He?"

"That terrible man?"

"Pah! he is not so much to be feared. He could not frighten me with his oaths and scowls. I have seen him before now."

"So have I, madame."

"You have seen him? Where?"

"If not him, it was one enough like him to be his father. I am glad he is gone; I dread him."

"Tell me where you think you have seen this villain, Eloise?"

"It was in London, madame."

"In London. Well?"

"I think it was with my mother died. She had been secretly married, madame; and when she was dying, a man came to the house, who brought a boy—a boy who must have been about nine years old. It seems all like a picture to me, it was so very, very long ago."

"Well, well, Eloise?—the man and the boy? Go on."

"My mother called this man Carlos."

"I heard him promise her that he would take care of me, and that I should be called Eloise Cyleyr. Cyleyr was my mother's name, madame."

"Well?"

"I have often thought that, perhaps, this man, Carlos, was my father. But I hope not; for he was wicked."

"Go on, Eloise."

"I crossed the ocean with the man and the boy, and came to New Orleans. I remember that the boy called the man 'father.' And the man called the boy 'Cortez.'"

"He who was here, just now, is the image of the dark man who stood at the deathbed of my mother—"

"And whose name was Carlos?"

"Yes, madame."

"Did you ever hear his other name?—'Carlos' what?"

"No, madame, I never heard."

"But, Eloise, why do you fear this man who so closely resembles the one who stood at the deathbed of your mother?"

Helene Cercey eyed her keenly, and asked the question with a singular manifestation of interest.

"Because, madame, he, Carlos, treated me cruelly. On the voyage, he used to box my ears and call me 'brat,' and he often set the boy, Cortez, to teasing me unmercifully. When we

landed, he managed to place me in the Orphan Girls' Asylum, where—I remember he hissed it in my ear—he hoped I would die. But, I escaped, when I was fourteen years old."

"This is very strange," thought Helene, catching a perplexing hint from the accidental revelation; "can it be that the man who stood at her mother's deathbed—and whose name was Carlos—was her father?—and she has no idea of it? Could it have been Carlos Mendoza? And was the boy—whom he called Cortez—his son?—perhaps a former wife? Was Carlos Mendoza married twice? And have I met, in Eloise, his child by his second wife, who is then the half-sister of this Cortez Mendoza, the man whom I despise and hate? It is strange. I must find out more—some other time. I may be able to use my information to advantage. I know more of your past life already, Eloise Cyleyr, than you imagine, if it be true that you were brought over by the Quaker, and placed in the Orphan Girls' Asylum. I will use that knowledge too, if it is necessary to retain you in my service." Then aloud:

"Well, Eloise, we'll drop this for the present. I have some questions to ask you, at a future time. And let us think no more of this Green Shadow. But, the Spaniard—!" with a sudden recollection, "let us look through the house and see where he is. He is a thief and an assassin!"

"Why, madame said he had gone!"

"From this room, but not from the house. Come, we must hunt him out, and drive him away."

"Ah, madame! I fear him."

"But, I do not fear him, as you shall see. I have seen too much in my life to be troubled with fears. I will get rid of this rogue. That reminds me: we were about to explore the hole in the cellar wall when he came in."

"Won't madame leave it till daylight? I have been so terrified to-night, that I am weak as a child. And were we to make trouble for ourselves, I am helpless, for nearly all my strength is gone."

"Well then, we will postpone it until to-morrow. But, I am determined to ascertain the identity of this frightful being; and I believe we have discovered its mode of ingress and exit—after nearly fifteen years of torture to me. That is why I never had recollections at my house. Eloise: fear that this green, faceless thing will appear and startle my company, and make Madam Gossip rumor it that I have some dreadful fault. That hole in the wall, Eloise, leads to the adjoining house!" the last thoughtfully.

"Certainly, madame."

"And the house"—in the same reflective tone, "is occupied by those mysterious people, who, for nearly fifteen years, have been the wonder and talk of the neighborhood. Eloise!" suddenly.

"Yes, madame."

"I begin to see."

"To see, madame?"

"These people who are named 'Caolo,' are haunting you?" repeated the maid, in surprise.

"Yes, they are haunting me. Why, I can not imagine. I told you once to-night, and I tell you again, I have done nothing to deserve this—this curse, as it were. Never mind. When daylight comes, I shall make an effort to unravel the mystery. I am resolved upon it. Where is your lamp?"

"In the opposite parlor, madame; I—"

"Get it. We will hunt for Cortez Mendoza, the Spaniard, and drive him out of the house."

When the lamp was lighted, they went over the house, from cellar to attic.

But Cortez Mendoza was not to be found. Every room, every closet was searched without discovering him.

He had disappeared.

"It is singular!" exclaimed Helene, when, at last they stood in the beauty's boudoir. "Where can he have hidden himself?"

"He is somewhere near, madame, be assured of it. It is dangerous for us to lie down."

"Pah! I am going to get some sleep. If you choose to be silly, you may remain awake. And there—take this dagger. If you see him, use it on him. And, Eloise, use it, also, if you get a chance, on that shape of green, with voice and eyes, and without a face. If you see the thing, strike at it; and strike deep—deep, Eloise; do you understand? For it is human enough, be sure of that!"

She gave her maid the sharp dagger, which she had withdrawn from the jamb of the parlor door, when they began their search for Cortez Mendoza.

Then Helene Cercey partially disrobed, and threw herself on her soft couch, where she soon fell asleep. The same chanceless fortune, however, which had befallen the beautiful woman, that had marked her earlier years with strangeness and crime.

Had she been alone, it is probable she would have done the same thing—gone to sleep, in the moment of imminent danger, without a watch to warn her; and slumbered, as she did then, as peacefully as one whose career had never contained a spot, a blemish, or a deed to rob her of her mind's rest.

Hers was a nature iron-like as it was terrible. Eloise did not close her eyes. She sat up and for slumbering mistress, half-trembling, half-expecting to be confronted by the Green Shadow, which she feared, or by Cortez Mendoza, whom, to all appearances, she equally dreaded.

But the night wore on without any thing further to mar the quietude of the house. And the storm outside seemed gradually lulling as dawn approached.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE SALOON APPARITION.

WHEN Cortez Mendoza dashed out of the parlor, in pursuit of the green apparition, his full intention was to catch it, to unmask its identity—perhaps more than this, for there was a murderous fire gleaming in his dark eyes.

Before we follow him, however, in that headlong bound, we must explain, in a few words, something essential.

After his escape from the jail in New Orleans he started immediately, as we have shown, after Helene Cercey, on whom he had sworn to revenge himself.

But the beauty had eluded him. For a number of years he—with Farak—had hunted in vain through all the principal cities North, East and West.

She skillfully covered her trail, made a permanent halt in Philadelphia, shortly subsequent to her flight from the Crescent city; and though Cortez had not neglected Philadelphia in his search, he failed to discover her.

Nearly fifteen years had elapsed since the date when he began the pursuit; his heat and anger had settled to a sort of dogged fierceness. And we find him again in New Orleans.

It was risky, he knew, to return to a place where the authorities were still on the look-out for him; but he was well disguised, and, moreover, he had allowed himself to imagine that Helene Cercey might have "doubled" on him, and was then in that city.

The Spaniard, during the whole of this time, had been trailed by something which he could not see, yet which was a gnawing incubus to

his mind—slinking his spirits with restlessness.

It was that, at regular intervals—no matter where he was—he received letters in a strange cryptography, from an invisible source, always in green ink, and invariably containing the precise words which, not quite fifteen years before, in the office at the rear of his father's shop, had caused him amazement, consternation, fears for his bodily safety.

On the third night after his bold entrance into a city where the emissaries of the law were ready to pounce upon him, he sat at a table in a low workshop, in company with Farak, carelessly watching through his disguise the loungers of the den—half-occupied with gloomy thoughts of the Green Shadow, which the periodical letters said was following him—and sipping slowly from his wine-glass.

He was desperately eager to see this Green Shadow, to catch the author of those letters in green ink; and he vowed instant death to him, her, or it—whichever it might be, if either, or if all—the moment he could gripe it.

"I am mad and sick!" he would grumble. "I am nervous, I am losing flesh, I am tired through this devilish thing, whatever or whoever it is, if any thing or anybody—ghost or human. I am not a murderer. I never harmed Caroline Mandoro; I did not kill Wart Gomez. I have the paper here to prove that—the dying confession of Sanzo Romero, whom I met in Lynchburg. Yet this invisible Satan is haunting my life out—for murder!—and—malediction!—I am innocent!"

His unpleasant reveries were interrupted by a voice, rough and boisterous; and, looking toward the bar, he saw a shabbily-dressed boatman, engaged with two of his own ilk, drinking and talking.

The voice seemed familiar to Cortez; the face, with its unkempt beard, was not a new one. Yet he could not imagine where he had seen the party before.

"Oh, yes," said this shabby fellow, grinning, "I knew all about Cortez Mendoza. As great a rascal as ever a rope was meant for! It was not my fault that he did not swing high for his crimes."

"They tell me he has never been heard of since he escaped," spoke one of the shabby man's companions.

"True, too. He was shrewd as a rat. I felt uneasy when I first heard he was loose—for he was vengeful and fierce as a lion! I have seen him both, years ago, a snake and a tiger at the same time! But he is dead by this time, no doubt."

"Yes, no doubt!" exclaimed Cortez, under his breath, as he watched and listened.

"You say you testified against him, Jacques?"

"Yes; No and I did our best to get him hung. We had enough knowledge of his abduction and murder of Caroline Mandoro to swing him easily."

"Malediction!" Cortez growled, to himself, "I know him now. He is one of the devils who would have knifed me in the tapestried hall of Helene Cercey, the day after the same time! But he is dead by this time, no doubt."

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"Malediction!" Cortez growled, to himself, "I know him now. He is one of the devils who would have knifed me in the tapestried hall of Helene Cercey, the day after the same time! But he is dead by this time, no doubt."

"Yes, no doubt!" exclaimed Cortez, under his breath, as he watched and listened.

"You say you testified against him, Jacques?"

"Yes; No and I did our best to get him hung. We had enough knowledge of his abduction and murder of Caroline Mandoro to swing him easily."

"Malediction!" Cortez growled, to himself, "I know him now. He is one of the devils who would have knifed me in the tapestried hall of Helene Cercey, the day after the same time! But he is dead by this time, no doubt."

rumored that I was killed in this brawl, and, by careful management, I may escape the curse of the Green Shadow. We will leave for the North to-night."

"But this wound, master—you can not travel."

"Malediction! I must travel. New Orleans would be too hot to hold me, before sunrise; and if I am missing—so much the better for a plan of mine. If I stay I may be hanged yet! *Caramba!* We will go to-night, wound or no wound!"

And this was the attempt made by Cortez to escape the Green Shadow which followed him, an attempt that proved a failure, as will be seen by the familiar threatening letter of green, which he received on the stormy night, at the Girard House, in Philadelphia.

And it was, also, this brawl of which Helene Cercey had heard, through the newspapers, which contained accounts of the shooting in New Orleans, of one Cortez Mendoza, a murderer, for whom the authorities had been long searching.

CHAPTER XXII.

CORTAZ PUTS HIS NOSE IN A TRAP.

HENCE, when Cortez Mendoza, in the parlor of Helene Cercey, saw, unmistakably, the Green Shadow—the thing which had dogged, trailed, haunted him for fifteen years—there kindled within him all his early heat of desire to grasp it, to destroy it, and thus be rid forever of that which had made so much of his existence miserable, by hovering, invisibly, continually near him, and disturbing his peace of mind—writing threatening letters, and making him feel guilty of a crime, which, by his own declaration, he had never committed.

As he rushed along the hall, he could see the fleeing object not far ahead of him; and drawing a revolver, he set his teeth in a fierce exclamation.

"*Caramba!* you thing of green. I have you at last! Stop, there!"

At the head of the kitchen stairs, it halted abruptly for a second, and—

"*Ha-a-a! ha! ha! ha!*" rung through the house, in a wild, weird, grating echo.

The laugh penetrated his ears with disagreeable sharpness. He half paused—then dashed forward again, for the Shadow had vanished.

"Malediction!" he shouted, "it is some crazy fiend of a woman, after all! Why is it in the house of Helene Cercey? What has she to do with the Green Shadow? It is this thing that has been writing to me in green ink! I have it now; I shall twist its faceless head off!"

Bounding down the stairs, reckless of consequences, in the darkness, he drew a match from his pocket as he went, and ignited it on the wall.

"*Ha! ha! ha! ha!*" rung out again—now directly in front of him.

By the light of the match he leaped across the gloomy kitchen into the cellar, for the door of the latter stood wide, and the laugh issued from beyond it.

"It is not here"—glancing around him, and raising the faint light aloft. "Now, where—hal! It has gone through there!"

"*Ha! ha! ha! ha!*" came from the hole in the wall near the floor; and he beheld the glittering eyes of the Shadow, in their faceless ground, peering at him.

With a cry, as the match flickered itself out, he made toward the hole.

But almost before he fairly reached the opposite side of the opening, he vented a quick, sharp oath.

Something settled heavily on his prostrate form, a grip fastened at his throat, turning him face upward, and something like iron bands on each side plucked his arms to the earth.

By that hold, which closed like a vice on him, Cortez knew that he was in the hands of a powerful man.

The suddenness of this attack, the disadvantage at which he was taken, had called forth the startled gasp. Perhaps a knife-thrust was to follow, and he was at the mercy of this invisible foe who held him down, as his revolver had slipped from his fingers at the moment of the onset.

Well, Cortez Mendoza? spoke the unseen captor.

"*Caramba!*"—blurted with a desperate strain.

"I have you at my mercy, you see."

"Malediction! I know that voice!" exclaimed Cortez to himself, as he ceased his vain struggling.

"You deserve to die—scoundrel!" hissed the invisible.

"Scoundrel yourself! Who are you? I have heard your voice before somewhere. What do you want of me?"

"What brought you here?"

"I am after that Green Shadow of perdition! I will kill it if I once catch it! Hands off, here!—let me up, you dog!"

"And your incautiousness has led you into a trap."

"A trap! Malediction! I have been tumbling over traps all my life—"

"Do you feel this?"

Cortez could not prevent the shudder that crept over him, as the cold muzzle of a pistol pressed against his temple.

"You mean to murder me then?" he snarled, savagely, and locking his teeth, for he was one of those men we rarely meet with—brave as he was boastful.

"Shoot!—assassin!"

"You are an assassin, Cortez Mendoza, and you know it."

"You lie!"

"Did you not waylay, and attempt to murder Dwyer Allison?"

"Ha! I know you. You are Dwyer Allison!—from the grave! It is your turn now! You have me! Strike, then! Do all you would while I am down! If I once get up I will have your life! I recognized you after stabbing you in New Orleans, by the ring my teeth wrenched from your finger. You said then, while you went down, 'God help me!' It will be 'God help you' again, if I get loose long enough to lay these hands on you! A thousand maledictions on you! Why do you not fire? Pull that trigger!"

"You talk bravely for a man whose life hangs on a thread. But you are a coward after all."

"Coward yourself! Let me up once, and I will tear you to pieces!" *Caramba!*

Cortez was savage. Though he had recognized his enemy as Dwyer Allison, the man he had apparently killed in New Orleans; and though he was now completely in the power of that man, who naturally must be mad for vengeance, still the Spaniard was not subdued; he was boldly defiant, taunted his foe while he glared helplessly upward at the vacancy of gloom.

"Fire away then, you dog! Malediction! I am Cortez Mendoza! I fear you not! A hundred dollars on it, you will not kill me at the first shot! *Caramba!* Let me get up, and I will first gouge your eyes out—then rend you limb from limb! Coward yourself, I say!"

The grip at the Spaniard's throat tightened, and checked further utterance; and the finger that pressed the trigger of the weapon, whose muzzle touched the temple of the defiant man, was twitching dangerously.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 154.)

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The SATURDAY JOURNAL does not profess to have any other "mission" than to delight and edify its readers; but, it is its proud privilege to say that no serial story gains admittance to its pages which has not, by reflection and inference, good, much good in it. And this fact, we are quite sure, is one secret of the paper's great success, as evidenced in the numerous press notices and in the multitude of letters which pronounce it the best of all the Weeklies.

Our Arm-Chair.

The Common Sense of It.—If certain forms of "etiquette" are well established, certain other forms are so variable as to have no general application, and, as a recent magazine paper remarks:

"What would be regarded as distinguished etiquette in London or Paris would be viewed as entirely farcical in New York or Cincinnati, and rules that are thought essential to the happiness of a society man or woman in Philadelphia, would seem flat, stale and unprofitable to a denizen of New Orleans. The evils of Boston etiquette become useless on the prairies of the West, and the little politenesses of prairie life are classified as useless vanities among the sturdy miners of the Pacific slope."

By etiquette we do not, of course, mean politeness. Etiquette is form, ceremony, outward show; politeness is that nameless something which, even though its expression be lacking in grace, or the prescribed forms of etiquette, yet is essentially decorous, and expressive of the feeling in the heart. Politeness really has no prescribed rules. Each individual is his own law. What is demanded is unaffected good manners and a natural self-assertion; and thus the true gentleman is known.

Etiquette sometimes is a substitute for politeness in those circles where a rigid obedience to form is exacted; but this can only be said of formal or public receptions, or of society ordered after set precedents. In this country such circles are confined almost wholly to the larger cities, where dress and ceremonial are regarded as evidences of wealth. In the lesser cities, and in the country generally, such exhibitions would justly be regarded as snobbish and ridiculous.

But politeness is ubiquitous—is inseparable from association with others; indeed, a man can be said to be polite to himself. The very essence of politeness being kindness, it follows that the most unpolite man or woman may be polite; and the most "polished" gentleman, lacking kindness, may studiously preserve the forms of etiquette yet be very repellent and impolite.

One of the most "polished" men of society in New York is a gambler who robs his victim with all the grace of a Count D'Orsay, but he is a great scoundrel, nevertheless, and has not, in his heart, the first principle of true politeness. He is as heartless as an anaconda, and—just as full of grace.

One of the "most perfect gentlemen" who ever haunted Washington City, in the days when "chivalry" was a power, was a celebrated duelist, who could kill his man with as much nonchalance as if snuffing a candle. His gentility was, in fact, established by his pistol-balls; and yet he was a nuisance and a murderer. He was detected by every true gentleman, who received his "courtly advances," with studied civility, but with hearty aversion. That kind of civility was etiquette—not politeness.

An Invalid's Paradise.—We know nothing of Colorado or Minnesota, as resorts for invalids, from any personal experience, but think, from what we have learned, that Colorado is the more desirable. A letter before us says, of the conditions of climate which prevail there: "The purity of the atmosphere is unsurpassed, and it possesses a great deal of electricity, consequent upon altitude. It is entirely free from humidity, and is wonderfully clear and exhilarating. Malarious or

poisonous exhalations never burden this air. Decomposition of animal matter takes place so slowly that the noxious gases engendered pass away imperceptibly. We have warm days and cool nights. There are not half a dozen nights in a season when a pair of blankets are in any degree uncomfortable. There is no such thing known as "damp night-air"; although the air is cool, it is dry, and one may sleep with doors and windows wide open, summer or winter, without once taking cold. There are not a score of days in any year in which invalids may not sit out of doors, ride or walk, forenoon or afternoon, with comfort and pleasure."

When so many persons are asking themselves the question, "Where can I go to recruit my energies and health?" it is indeed comforting to learn that within our own domain is a region so admirable and congenial. It is further stated that fully one-half of the present population of Colorado is composed of reconstructed invalids, who, having become attached to the country and climate, are unwilling to leave it.

As the region is so readily accessible, a trip to Denver is, in itself, a great invigorator, even or those not essentially diseased, and from what we hear we have no doubt but that the tide of travel thence, this summer, will be immense. Two large excursion parties are already formed in this city for a six weeks' tarry there, and one other party, we learn, will trip it to the great Yellowstone "Park"—starting, of course, from Denver City.

Chat.—One of our correspondents is inclined to be "severe" with us for our supposed "opposition to Woman's Cause." Our friend is, as usual with agitators, more zealous for reform than clear as to the means necessary to effect the object. Our offending seems to be that we have not espoused the cause of Woman Suffrage. Well, we need guilty. We are only three years old, you see, and it could hardly be expected that we should be "abreast of the host that champions the coming revolution"—whatever that means. That it means something we are certain, for it sounds well, but we are only three years old for all that, and can't take the position assigned. Besides, we don't see that it is any of our business whether women vote or not. It is her business alone. We know the agitators talk grandiloquently about man's duty and woman's mission, but, really, we don't see that our duty lies in dragging women to the ballot-box, or even in coaxing her there, for it is our firm belief that, if to-day the question could be fairly submitted to the women of America whether they should become voters or not, that five-sixths would say no, word, or nay! Then pray tell us why we should demand for women what she shows no inclination to accept. We don't say to our friend, Mrs. B. L. F., that we won't, under certain conditions, espouse her cause; for we really approve of espousals, and wish each of our young unmarried lady constituents may, in due time, "go in" for a spouse and capture a prize; but we protest against her inference that a sex need the ballot to make them equal with men, for that ballot once obtained the sex will be just as "unequal" with man, socially, physically, morally, mentally and psychologically as now. The ballot suffrage nothing, in her case, and the sooner that illusion of a few irrationalists is dissipated the better.

—An Illinois "constant reader," referring to our recent reference to the destruction of buffalo and deer, on the western ranges of these animals, asks why they can not be "parked" on reserves. This is feasible, seeing that the General Government yet owns vast regions over which the game roams at will. Congress can, therefore, impose penalties for any invasion of this region, during the breeding and feeding season; and a dealer or hunter having skins or meat out of season can be called to an account. The buffalo now ranges over territory which will long remain unsettled, owing to its want of water. While the river bottoms of Kansas, Nebraska, Colorado, etc., will soon be taken up, the high plains of those regions will be utterly void, unless occupied by Nature's tenants—the buffalo, prong-horn, elk, etc. Artesian wells for irrigating these tracts are still in the far future. The Government of China has preserved several species of animals from extinction in the imperial parks. The Czar of Russia has protected the European bison from destruction in the old forests of Lithuania. Our own Government preserves the beauties of the inanimate creation in the Yellowstone Park. How much more should it keep for the instruction of future generations a full representation of those higher works of creative mind—the living beings that characterize our continent.

MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS.

There! That's blunt and plain enough. I take it, to satisfy the most capricious critic. Well, I am a blunt and plain body myself, and have a fashion of saying just exactly what I do mean. There's no use running round the barn to look for a window to crawl into, when the door stands wide open, is there?

Do not interest yourselves too much in your neighbors' affairs, or you'll find somebody would just like to twist that nose of yours for you. Hadn't you better see that your own house is clean before you talk of the dust behind your neighbor's door? What's the use of your prying and poking your nose into other folks' business, anyhow? Whom do you benefit? Whom do you make any better by your prying officiousness? If you get any satisfaction from it, you are welcome; you needn't fear any one will want to rob you of it. I won't.

It's pretty poor business endeavoring to find out what others have been doing, are doing, and are going to do, and, really, I don't see what it all amounts to in the end. A whole lot of people seem to have no better way of spending their time than by putting on their inquisitive spectacles and endeavoring to find out just what they hadn't ought to.

There's a person not far from here, who could tell you how many pens, bottles of ink, reams of paper and sheets of postage-stamps I make away with in the course of the year—'tis more than I could do myself. I suppose I ought to retaliate, and tell how many pounds of butter and quarts of flour she uses. But I don't. I use that angelic patience for which I am noted, and remain silent.

It is right that we should keep our tongues between our teeth, but isn't it hard thing to do? I know that by experience. Well, I guess you'd feel rather ill to have people talk against you and call you "an arrant scold," just because Mr. JOURNAL is willing to let me have my say, and then have those very same identical people come and stay hour after hour, hindering you from your writing and household duties. Eh?

And people give me their advice as to what I ought to write and what I hadn't ought to, and I don't like their officiousness, and I tell them so. You think the words are all meant in kindness. Then I beg you in the future, not to be kind in that kind of a way. If you'll let me alone, I won't tell you how much salt to put in your butter, or how much brine you must use for your pickling.

I wish you could take a peep into my room and see what a set of little non-inquisitive friends I have. My books, plants and birds never annoy me with meddlesome proclivities. They don't have to be told to mind their own business.

How much better we'd get along in this mundane sphere of ours were we less prone to neglect our own business to attend to that of our neighbors! But I suppose that that is to happen in the Golden Age, which looks as though it never would arrive.

There's a great deal we can do one another in the way of true, genuine kindness, but it is too often left undone, because it is so much easier to do evil than good, and to say mischievous, spiteful things, than pleasant and charitable ones. Fault-finding comes handier than praise, but it isn't half so good, if you did but know it.

Come now, let's you and I see if we can't all join hands, and say we won't mind anybody's business except our own, but will work for others' good, and not evil.

But, if you want to meddle in my affairs, you mustn't be surprised if I am blunt and plain enough to tell you to "mind your own business."

EVE LAWLESS.

Foolscap Papers.

Agricultural Message.

The time rolls round again when farmers' boys—those models of all that is industrious—begin to wish they had never been born, and when all good honest old farmers begin to look eagerly for my annual agricultural message. I take up the task cheerfully as a labor of love to help the cause along, and do what vast amount of good I can, for we do not know how much we are indebted to the farmers. I owe one farmer a good deal more than I will ever be able to pay.

I will open this valuable essay by saying that the fashions for farming for 1873 will be entirely different from last year; agriculture will be pursued in another way altogether.

The fashion this year for making the ground rich will be to scatter silver half-dollars all over your fields and harrow them well in.

You must sow your wheat with needles, and to cut it after the new style it must be cut bias.

Early fruit trees must be trimmed forthwith with lace or founices; burst the buds with nitroglycerine.

Turnips, to make them grow vigorously, should be fed every night and morning with chopped feed, or some kind of light diet, and then carried down every morning to prevent an accumulation of dandruff. They should be well bedded with sawdust and exercised say two or three times a day. See that they are well shod and take well to double harness.

When your grape-sprouts begin to shoot, you had better keep at a reasonable distance or you might get shot, as they are very dangerous when they shoot at random, and are bound to hit the wrong man every time.

Old brooms must be planted early, and in case the handles should up too fast they should be driven deeper into the ground.

Plant your fir trees in fir-rows not far apart if you pre-fer to have fir to fir-nish fir the fir-reign market.

Potatoes this year must be provided with spectacles, unless they be blind, and they should be cut with a reaper and mower, and shelled with a corn-sheller. The Early Rose potatoes should be gathered from the rose-bushes about the middle of June, provided they are fully ripe and nice and soft.

Give your cattle good grazing. If you have any wild ones it would be well enough to graze their heads with a club.

Impress it upon the minds of your little onions that early to bed and early to rise makes little onions strongly and wise.

If your cucumber vines jump up too lively, knock them back again. I have seen them jump twenty feet at a jump. If they are inclined to run too fast, cut their legs off.

Plant your barley in bar's this year.

Making hay while the sun shines is about the worst work a man can do. The mellowing mellowness of that diurnal luminary pouring upon the head of the weary hayist makes him despise hay-days.

No honest farmer will be without honey. I hold that each should keep seven or eight swarms of wasps in hives well ventilated, and furnished with wax for them to chew, and all the sugar they want to eat.

Poultry this year will grow on poles; when they are fully ripe they must be picked off carefully.

Weeds in your gardens will grow as deep this year as usual; that is, go clear through the earth, and the Chinese ends together.

On the other side for pure spite, so that it may be consistent to swear a little when you go to pull them up.

You must be very careful when you put oats in the ground to set each grain right-side up, or they will be apt to grow downward and make it necessary for you to dig for your crop.

Keep plenty of stock, for no farm can be good without it—I allude now more particularly to bank-stock.

In churning your apple butter don't put in too much salt, and be sure you work all the butter-milk out of it.

Don't yolk your eggs to log-wagons unless they are well broken, and never beat them unmercifully.

This year you will find sweet potatoes so prolific that you will have to quarry them, and it will be necessary for you to do a good deal of blasting; but don't "blast" your luck.

Eggs this year must be shelled with a corn-sheller.

Pumpkins this year will probably only turn out about nine to the dozen, and rye only three pecks to the bush. You will not forget this when you go to sell.

I like farmers' work so well that if I had a farm of my own, with no mortgage on it, I would drop my other work, pull off my coat, and—rent that farm out for ninety-nine years, with the privilege of the other year, or a renewal of the lease.

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN,
Commissioner of Agriculture.

Woman's World.

ALL ABOUT HAIR.

A YOUNG lady writes me from Texas, requesting an answer in the Woman's World to her question: "How shall I wear my long blonde hair? I am sixteen years old, and tall for my age."

I felt for Maud B., my youthful correspondent and interlocutor. I shall never forget how my own luxuriant yellow, brown tresses troubled me during that transition stage of my life, when I was neither a woman nor a little girl. In truth, it is more difficult to dress the hair becomingly, at that age, than any other. The whole toilet, indeed, requires careful study. It looks as awkward to see a great girl with her hair hanging braided on her shoulders as to see in a Josephine coiffure with a high tortoise-shell comb. Not long since one of my young city friends, attending a fashionable up-town school, applied to me for the same advice Maud B. requests. I could not trust entirely to my own judgment, and so took her to Everard Deblai, our great New York coiffeur, who has dressed the heads of leading actresses, and belles, and beauties in our metropolitan society for the last four generations! The old gentleman was very much flattered; petted my pretty pet, for she was a very pretty girl, and on the impulse of the moment, invented for her what he called the "coiffure a la Seminaire." He drew the little beauty's long, luxuriant tresses to the top of her head and tied them loosely. Part of them he rolled under, in a loose puff, fastening it with hair-pins toward the forehead. The rest of the hair he plaited and wound in a coronet around the large puff. Then, tying a velvet ribbon around the whole, like a Greek fillet, he stepped aside, and with a smile, said: "Madame, voici la coiffure a la Seminaire pour votre eleve." It was very pretty, simple and becoming. The front hair was slightly tressed or waved on the forehead, the temple locks drawn up, but the whole looked easy and free from that air of stiffness which is too apt to accompany the present fashionable management of the hair. Perhaps Maud B. may take a suggestive hint from what I have related of this pretty invention of the great coiffeur.

There is no choice between a fashionable and an unfashionable arrangement of the hair at present. Whoever chooses to be brave enough to set Fashion at defiance, may wear the hair in *la Greque*; or on the back of the head in a chignon; or chataine braids; or curls; but it is an established fashionable dogma, now, that the hair must be worn on the top of the head.

There are scarcely two ladies who arrange it precisely alike, but they all wear it high, and with the nape of the neck bare. But high ruffles or *frizzes* hide this bareness.

There is one good thing connected with the present style. It does not take much false hair, and if the natural locks are long and abundant, no false hair is necessary. In all cases the hair is dressed close to the head, showing the natural contour as much as possible and adding but little to the size of the head. The back and front hair are not separate institutions, as they formerly were. The whole is combed up to the top of the head together, and arranged, either in loose coils, or torrades, or plaits, or finger-puffs, or loops and bows.

These last, as a general thing, are used for evening wear, and require the aid of a hair-dresser in their arrangement.

Frizzettes, and little short curls, are still worn to a limited extent on the forehead; but, as a general thing, the front hair is parted very much on one side, and brought in one broad tress down on the forehead. Above this tress is the plait, coronet, puffs, or bows of hair, whichever is preferred.

Great latitude is allowed in the arrangement. Sometimes two or three long and thick curls are permitted to fall from the coronet, either directly in the back, or to one side behind the left ear.

Large old-fashioned high tortoise-shell or imitation shell combs, carved or plain, are worn to a great extent. These combs are not so wide as they were worn thirty years ago, but quite as high.

The new fashions and bonnets this spring are large enough to accommodate these combs in the crown. Pretty bows and other ornaments, and velvet bands, tied either in the back or front, or at the side of the head, are also worn. The real tortoise-shell combs are very expensive, costing from ten to thirty dollars, according to the amount of carving. Some of the plain ones can be bought for seven dollars. The imitation, almost as pretty, and scarcely to be distinguished from the real, costs from two to four dollars.

Some pretty little coiffures or coppees of lace, flowers and ribbon are seen among the late importations from Paris, to be worn with the present style of hair-dressing. They are circular in form, two or three inches in circumference, and have a knot of narrow ribbon behind, ending in two long streamers, which fall over the back of the head. These little coiffures are worn either on the very top of the hair, or tilted a little to one side, according to the wearer's fancy. Those for evening wear are of flowers or feathers, mingled with black or white lace, and ribbons of various colors. Those for morning or breakfast toilets are composed of a circle of muslin plaits, surrounded by a twist of ribbon and bows and streamers in the back.

For little girls and misses just entering their teens, there is a fancy at present for wearing the hair short, curled in crisp curls close to the head like a boy, and parted at the side in the boy style. It looks rather saucy and masculine; but there is a great advantage to the health of the hair to keep it short until a girl is almost grown.

I can not close this chat about hair, which I hope will meet Maud's eye and be sufficiently suggestive for her purposes, without relating a curious newspaper story connected with Everard Deblai's establishment.

It seems that, during the great Civil War, or Rebellion, whichever you may choose to call it, a sister of Beauregard, who was in New York as a Southern spy, made Deblai's house her rendezvous for the reception of information derived mostly from the actresses who had their hair dressed at his establishment. This, of course, was unknown to Deblai at the time. At the close of the war a Southern woman, who became connected with the New York press, and who was stopping at the same hotel I put up at, came to my room with a beautiful lot of false hair—curls, switches, braids and frizzettes—every thing, in fact, necessary for a complete coiffure in the then prevailing style.

"Look here," said she, "don't you wish you were a Bohemian of the press? I bought this hair this morning at Deblai's, and though I gave one hundred dollars for it, I made fifty by the operation, and I could not have accomplished it unless I had been one of the Press Gang."

"You purchased the hair and paid cash for it?" I exclaimed, and yet made fifty dollars? Please read me your riddle, for I would like to go and do likewise, if it is an honorable transaction."

"Wait six months," said the lady, "and I will tell you all about it—perhaps."

Before the expiration of the six months she divulged her secret to me, in these words: "I am, as you know, the fashion editor of the 'Weekly Bombshell.' The editor told me he would pay me one hundred and fifty dollars to get some information relating to the transactions between certain actresses and General Beauregard's sister, and which he knew could be obtained by careful management at Deblai's. I took me a week to pump out of the old man what the editor wanted. To throw him off his guard and conceal my purpose while gaining the information, I purchased this hair, taking about a week, and visiting his house every day, appearing to be uncertain about the purchase, and pretending to be very hard to please on purpose to gain time and secure frequent conversations with the old coiffeur. At last I succeeded, gained my information, and made my hair and fifty dollars."

I assure my readers that I have never made money in that or any similar manner. Nor do I particularly admire the *frusce* which enabled a woman to play the part of a spy; but that incident was an episode in the Woman's World of New York, as brought under my observation. I thought I might "point a moral" while solving the mystery of how some women can make money, and make their way through the world, "just like men."

EMILY VERDERY.

Readers and Contributors.

TO CORRESPONDENTS AND ACTRESS.—No MSS. received that are not fully prepaid in postage.—No MSS. presented for future orders.—Unavailable MSS. promptly returned only when stamps accompany the inclosure, for such return.—No correspondence of any nature is permissible in a package marked as "Book MSS."—MSS. which are imperfect are not used or wanted. In all cases our choice rests first upon merit or fitness; second, upon the value of MSS. as "copy"; third, length. Of two MSS. of equal merit we always prefer the shorter.—Never write on both sides of a sheet. Use Commercial Note size paper as most convenient to editor and compositor, tearing off each page as it is written, and carefully giving it its full or page number. A rejection is no means implies a want of merit. Many MSS. unsuitable to us are well worthy of use.—All experienced and popular writers will find us ever ready to give their offerings early attention.—Correspondents must look to this column for all information in regard to contributions. We can not write letters except in special cases.

MSS. announcements deferred for the week.

PRICING B. Pay your postage quarterly, in advance, otherwise the postmaster will collect two cents per page.

MRS. S. D. There is no "chance" in obtaining admission to our columns. We are over-supplied with MSS., yet always welcome what is distinctively original and good.

MARY H. Detroit. Amadeus, ex-king of Spain, is married. His wife is the Princess de Cistera. Amadeus is a man of strong character and sterling qualities, and his wife is reputed to be a very admirable lady. His abdication was the act of a man determined neither to be a tyrant nor a tool.

ARTIST. The late J. F. Kensell was one of our best landscape painters. He left, at his sudden death, over six hundred finished pictures in his studio and private rooms—an amazing number considering how shabby his work was. There is no explanation of this fact, which has excited quite a sensation in art circles.

HOWARD M. General Fremont is now in New York. His residence is "up the Hudson." He is reputed to be very wealthy. The late charges by Frenchmen of his complicity in fraud in putting a false cable to the Southern Pacific Railway on the Paris Bourse is regarded here as "not proven." The Young Pathfinder, as he once was named, is now well along toward fifty. His wife is Jesse Benton—daughter of "Old Tom Benton" (deceased before the late War for the Union)—U. S. Senator from Missouri.

OLIVER PENN. Yes, a third Atlantic Cable is to be laid between England and America, and the proposed line, known as "Lond's End" to the shore of New Hampshire. This cable is in opposition to Cyrus W. Field's two lines across the ocean, and gives promise of great benefits to the two countries, in their direct communication. The present fearfully high prices for message bearing. Without doubt, in ten years time we shall have several other lines laid—since now press telegraphs is proven to be so feasible. A line from San Francisco to Honolulu (Sandwich Islands) and thence to Japan and China, is even now talked of. When that is accomplished the earth will be girdled.

ASA B. G. There are no sleeping cars on any of the railways in Europe. It is regarded as too American for monarchical countries. Our Indian car, tobacco and potatoes, all were too American, on their first discovery here, for monarchical Europe, but they soon became popular, nevertheless—and so will sleeping cars!

ZENAS W. W. The sewing-machine and the steam fire engine are both as purely American inventions as the cylinder printing press is; and both were introduced to England from this side of the water. We know of no "improvement" in the sewing-machine, and no "improvement" in the steam engine, since their origin to English mechanics. The leading American machines are sold largely in all foreign countries; our cooking-stoves and heaters go all over the world; and such things are needed, so do our pianos, our gold pens, our cheap jewelry, our kerosene and kerosene lamps, our whisky, our cotton, and our silver and gold. The export trade of this country is rapidly becoming truly gigantic.

MISS PENSEE L. The library of Alice and Phoebe Cary passed to their brothers. By them it was sold to Alice Cary Glymer, their sister, who is now residing in Cincinnati. It is greatly to be hoped that it will become the property of some Woman's College. We would much like to see it in Vassar. Can't it be secured by the Young Ladies of Vassar to secure the collection, which is especially rich in presentation volumes of modern poets.

EXCURSIONIST. There are 146,343 miles of railway, nearly enough to go round the earth at the equator six times. Of this 69,943 miles belong to Europe, 68,716 miles to America, 18,322 miles to Asia, 1,136 miles to Africa, and 1,083 to Australia. The European States have as follows: France, 11,041 miles, Russia, 8,719, Austria, 7,437, Italy, 3,888, Sweden, 2,825, Prussia, 2,700, Belgium, 1,901, Switzerland and Norway, 1,411, Holland, 1,070, Switzerland, 920, Turkey and Greece, 664, and Denmark 545 miles. Great Britain possesses the greatest number of miles, 15,427. Next comes the German Empire, with 13,113 miles.

SIMON. The mariner's compass was first known in England in the year 1269.

COLLEGIATE. Thebes, in Egypt, was called in the Bible, "No" or "No Ammon." The name of the city was changed to its name Diopolis—that is, the City of Jove. Thebes, in Boetia, is one of the most ancient cities in the world. In the time of Homer it was called "A city with seven gates."

EDITH. Queen Victoria is the daughter of Edward, Duke of Kent. Her mother's name was Victoria, Maria, Louisa, a daughter of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg. She was only eight months old when her father died.

J. T. M. The Bible was first translated by Wickliffe, in the year 1380.

LINGUIST. Persons of good education and ordinary fluency of speech in our globe, are not able to express different words in their speech; close reasoners use a larger number, and eloquent speakers frequently manage some ten thousand.

SCANDINAVIAN. Pencils are very innocent amusements for children, but Germany is making war against slates on the ground that they are noisy, hurtful to the eyes, and assist in forming a handwriting which requires years of pen practice to overcome. Their place is to be filled by a light elastic plate slate which can be written on with ink, and the ink removed as often as necessary by a wet sponge.

P. H. "Printing was invented by Faust, a German, in the year 1441." This is the ordinary mode of stating the supposed fact, but, while Faust did not use wooden type and a rude screw press, he was but doing what the Chinese had done well for ages before him.

REMARK. The dish you refer to must be made after the following receipt: soak a quart of split peas for twelve hours; then throw them into your stew-pot with seven quarts of water, but do not let them boil; then slice some carrots, onions, celery and turnips, and add thyme, mint or parsley to them; fry these vegetables for a quarter of an hour in a little oil, and then add them to the pot of water and peas, and let the whole cook together until the peas are quite soft; then add pepper and salt, and your dish is ready. Made entirely from the products of an ordinary garden.

"JACK TAR'S LAST VOYAGE."

BY FRANK M. IMBRIE.

Bronzed sons of Neptune stood in awe
Beside their messmate's dying bed,
Watching the freighted soul-barge steer
For the mist-enshrouded land ahead:
Together they'd weathered the stoutest gale,
And shared in the calm's unlighted sport;
But now, when Death's fierce Eurocydon blew,
Alone, he must gain the distant port.

He was leaving earth's shore with its docks of sin,
His life-boat launched for the "Unknown realm,"
But he clasped in his hand the compass of hope,
While white-robed faith stood firm at the helm.
With voice grief-shaken and brave eye dimmed,
A fellow-sailor asked: "What cheer?"
"Heaven hoves in sight; I see the headland,"
Came the answer, loud and clear.

When midnight, with her sable pall,
Wrapped earth and sea in solemn gloom,
They still their sleepless vigils kept
Around him in that shadowed room.
They wiped the gathering spray of death
Gently from pallid brow and chin,
And bending low, they asked: "What cheer?"
"Rounding the cape; almost in."

Morn dawned, and by its struggling light
They saw how waged the mortal strife;
His eye ne'er left the beacon-star:
Leagues afloat, the care-wrecked craft of life,
Grasping his hand, they asked: "What cheer?"
The answer, angel-borne, came slow,
"Heaven's in sight; I see the headland,"
In port! Steady! Let the anchor go!"

Their Wedding Trip.

BY EREN E. REXFORD.

"I suppose we ought to have a wedding tour," said Laura Boyce, to her lover, as they sat together talking over the details of their marriage, which was to take place next week. "Of course," answered Thrope. "Folks don't really consider themselves married, nowadays, unless they have a jaunt somewhere immediately after the knot is tied."

"But don't you think it a nice plan?" asked Laura.

"Of course," answered Thrope, again. "Where shall our wedding trip be?"

"Oh, I don't care," answered Laura. "I ain't in the least particular, only I don't want to go to Saratoga, nor Newport, nor Niagara, nor the mountains. They're so common."

"For a person that doesn't care, and isn't particular, you have considerable dislike to those places which most young married people patronize," laughed Thrope.

"Oh, I meant that I didn't care where we went, if we didn't go to any of those places," explained Laura.

"I am sure I don't care where we go," said Thrope. "Suit yourself, and you'll suit me."

"Suppose we go on a Western trip, then?" suggested Laura. "Out to Nebraska, or Colorado. People don't generally take such a journey as that would be for a wedding one, I know, but I am sure I should just enjoy it. It wouldn't cost so very much, would it?"

"No," answered Thrope. "But don't you think you'd tire if it were done with?"

"Oh, no!" cried Laura, enthusiastically. "The scenery, and the novelty of the whole thing, would make it perfectly charming."

"Colorado and Nebraska it is, then," said Thrope, who would have consented to a trip to Alaska, if Laura had proposed it.

The next week they were married. Laura was charming in her bridal garments. Thrope was certain as any man could be that another bride as beautiful as his had never blushed under the orange-blossoms.

The morning after the wedding, and directly after the wedding breakfast, they started on their wedding journey, amid a perfect shower of congratulations and good wishes.

So their married life began.

At night they were at Niagara, which place they had decided to include in their line of travel. In the morning they made a hasty visit to the Falls, and then started on westward.

That night they were in Chicago, and the next one found them in a far Western city.

"To-morrow night we shall be at the end of our journey," Thrope said, as they sat together in the dingy little parlor of the best hotel the place afforded.

"Oh, I know I shall take all the pleasure in the world in climbing up the mountains and exploring the country, generally," said Laura, confidently.

"I hope so," answered Thrope, who was beginning to tire, just a little, of the monotony of the journey. Laura was the only thing which made it all endurable.

The next morning saw them on their way. The traces of civilization grew fewer and farther between, as they sped on. Now and then they came to little rude towns, made up of rough shanties and log-cabins. As they journeyed on, these began to be rare.

"I wish you'd get me a drink," said Laura, as the cars came to a halt at a small town. "The water in the tank isn't fit to drink."

Thrope sallied out, in search of the water. Laura stood in need of, and just as he stepped on the platform, two men came up to him and coolly informed him that he was their prisoner.

"Light trousers; gray coat; blue eyes; brown hair, slightly curly; brown mustache; wears ring on left hand," read one of the men from a paper which he held. "That's him, Bill. We're in luck this time, sure."

"I'd like to know what you mean," said Thrope.

"We mean that we've nabbed you," answered the man called Bill. "That's what's the matter. Oh! I ain't no use for you to get into tantrums, as Thrope began to show signs of rebellion. 'You're our man, an' we've been after you so long, without catchin' you, that we ain't goin' to let you slip, now we've got you. Guess you won't break into anybody's house ag'in very soon.'"

"You're mistaken!" cried Thrope, as the bell began to ring for "all aboard." "I am not the man you take me for. I am Thrope Denver, from Pennsylvania. My wife is on the train. Let me go."

"No you don't!" exclaimed Bill, making fast to him. "We don't swallow your stories so easy; do we, Mr. Jones?"

Mr. Jones signified by a chuckle that they didn't.

The whistle blew.

"I must go!" cried Thrope, as a thought of what Laura would do without him flashed across his mind. "Let go of me, or I'll knock you down."

"Laugh to see you do it!" exclaimed Bill. "You there, Jones, fasten onto him."

Mr. Jones obeyed instructions, and proceeded to "fasten onto" Thrope, rendering it impossible for him to get away.

The cars began to move.

Thrope saw Laura thrusting her head out of the window, and shouted:

"There's been a mistake made. Wait for me at the next station, and by that time she was out of hearing."

"Now, gentlemen," he said, turning to his captors, "I want to know the meaning of this."

"That's a good 'un," laughed Mr. Jones.

"Cool," remarked Bill, sententiously.

"I demand an explanation," said Thrope, beginning to get "riled," in expressive Western vernacular. "You have seen fit to detain me, for what cause I have no idea. I have a right

to know. If you can explain matters satisfactorily, all right. If not, I'll make you smart for this."

"You know why," answered Mr. Jones. "Here's our warrant for your arrest. Old Brag knew what he was about when he telegraphed down for us to stop you. I s'pose you'd like to have us tell you what he wanted you arrested for, since you're so ignorant. It's fer breakin' into his store last week, an' stealin' sev'rl things that didn't belong to you. That's what's the matter, Mister."

"You evidently take me for some thief," said Thrope. "If you have any one in town who can identify the person who committed the robbery you attribute to me, please bring them forward and see if they think I am the thief you take me for."

"I don't know anybody who knows any thing about you 'cept old Pulcifer, an' he ain't to home," said Bill. "We'll shut you up till we can hear from old Brag, an' if Pulcifer comes, he can see what he thinks about you."

And so Thrope was taken to a place for safe-keeping, and "old Brag" was telegraphed to that the "bird was caught."

Of course I can't describe Thrope's feelings. I shan't try to. If you can imagine them, please do so. They are more easily "imagined than described."

Shortly after noon Pulcifer arrived in town, and came to take a look at the prisoner.

"What blasted fools!" was the forcible expression of his opinion of Messrs. Bill and Jones. "This here ain't yer man, nollow. That there fellow what robbed old Brag—why, he's thirty-five, ef he's a day, an' this yere chap's 'bout twenty-two or three. 'Cute officers you be.' Vallerble persons to hev 'round."

The result of Mr. Pulcifer's peroration was that Thrope was set at liberty.

His first inquiry was to know the distance to the next station.

"'Bout ten miles," was the reply. "The al-freddest, gol-darnedest roads you ever see, too. Wus'n ridin' over a mountain on a bob-sled."

Thrope determined to walk over. He could easily accomplish ten miles before night. The route was pointed out for him, and he was assured that he could not lose his way.

He began to believe what they told him about the roads before he had been half an hour on the way. Mud and logs was varied with logs and mud, and occasionally a stone cropped up, by way of relief to the monotony.

He plodded on.

By and by a shower came up, and in ten minutes he was wet to the skin.

"A beautiful wedding trip, I must say," he told himself, as he shivered along through the mud, which began to be as slippery as tallow.

"If I'd had time, I'd have given that Bill and Jones a thing or two to remember me by."

Thrope's face wore a very savage expression, and he shook his fist menacingly at an imaginary Bill.

In doing so he lost his balance, and came down to a dignified sitting posture in the mud.

He got up and snapped off part of the clay which adhered to his garments, and started on, in no very enviable frame of mind.

Presently it stopped raining, and the sun came out. For an hour he scrambled along over the roughest road he had ever seen.

Suddenly a woman, or something which he took to be a woman, came around a turn, and picked her way toward him. She had on a bonnet of calico, with stiffened sides, which projected far beyond her face, and a great shawl, or blanket, of all the colors of the rainbow, which came almost to her feet.

"One of the first settlers," thought Thrope.

Suddenly she looked up and saw him, and "Thrope! oh, Thrope!" cried Laura, for she it was, and started for him.

"Laura! good gracious!" exclaimed Thrope, hardly believing his senses. "That creature my wife? I'd sooner take her for a female aborigine. Oh!"

The exclamation was caused by seeing Laura's feet slip out from under her; immediately after which performance she came down in a very soft and comfortable puddle of mud, to the great detriment of her plaid blanket.

Thrope hastened to assist her out, laughing in spite of himself.

"Oh, Thrope!" she cried, falling into his arms, plaid blanket, sun-bonnet and all. "I thought I never should see you again. What did that awful man do to you?"

Thrope explained.

"What a plight we are in," he laughed. "Now, I've told you about my adventure, tell me about yours."

Laura, frightened and uneasy, had hired a man to drive her back to the station where Thrope had been detained. A mile back his buggy had given out, and she had started on foot. Overtaken by the shower, she stopped at a settler's cabin, where she had effected a trade of her hat and linen duster for the sun-bonnet and plaid blanket.

"I thought perhaps it might rain again," she said. "Isn't it comical? If you only knew how you looked! Muddy and dragged, and—oh, dear! I can't help laughing!"

"I don't think you have much to brag of," said Thrope. "I shouldn't be surprised to hear you use 'you bet,' or some other elegant western phrase, in your conversation. You'd make a splendid settler's wife or a squaw. Whoop! I feel like a noble red-man in his war-paint. I wonder if this isn't like being on the war-path."

Thrope and Laura made their way to the station he had left behind him, and their entire was decidedly triumphant.

"I wish you'd take off that horrid bonnet," said Thrope. "I want to kiss you. It reminds me too forcibly of walking up to the cannon's mouth to attempt any thing while you have that on."

"I shall always keep this bonnet and shawl," said Laura. "I mean to wear them to-morrow."

The next day they went on to the end of their westward journey. The adventures which had befallen them were something decidedly "out of the common" in wedding journeys, and, Laura declared, the richest part of it.

Barbara's Fate:
OR,
A BRIDE, BUT NOT A WIFE.BY MRS. MARY REED CROWELL,
AUTHOR OF "LOVE BOUND," "OATH BOUND," ETC.CHAPTER VIII.
STEEL TO STEEL.

It was only for a second, then he laughed. "Not quite as bad as that. But, really, Miss Lester is a splendid girl, and Mr. Davenal will secure a prize—when he gets her."

Blanche did not detect the hidden meaning of the remark.

"Indeed he will. And she, as well, in him, for Roy is a noble fellow."

Gervaise gently pressed the fingers that lay on his sleeve.

"Be careful, little girl, or I shall grow jealous."

"You mustn't."

She looked into his face with a suddenly-grown serious expression of her own, where the

blushes fought for the mastery over the earnest pallor of her cheeks.

"You never will have occasion to be jealous, Gervaise, for I shall be true. When you are false to me—and I know that never will be, even in thought—then you may accuse me of disloyalty."

He never winced as he met her womanly eyes as she spoke in such proud confidence; but there occurred to him the vivid contrast of her purity and truth, and his foulness and the living lie he knew he was personating.

At the steps, in a patch of unbroken moonlight, the party met.

"You have enjoyed this perfect evening, Blanche?—Mr. De Laurian?"

"For myself I can say I have, very much," returned Blanche, half-timidly, as if ashamed to confess she cared for the exclusive society of Mr. De Laurian.

"I can safely say I never enjoyed an evening more. As you remarked, Mr. Davenal, the night is perfect; then, with a most congenial companion, who could help having a delightful time?"

It was Gervaise who spoke, and, as he did so, looked meaningfully at Blanche. Then he addressed Barbara, quite abruptly.

"I may presume to inquire of you, Miss Barbara, if you feel repaid for your trouble in preparing for the walk?"

His cool tone, so sarcastic and ironical, but served to increase to further heat the flames of her jealous anger.

"You may presume to inquire, and as my escort was a near and very dear personal friend, you will not be surprised to know I greatly enjoyed the opportunity that gave me the exclusive society—which I prize above all privileges."

Thank you, my darling.

Roy spoke impulsively, little dreaming the effect of his words, yet in a voice in which only Barbara detected the smothered fury, he retorted:

"You are then in a very enviable frame of mind, Miss Lester. Permit me to congratulate you and Mr. Davenal that such choice spirits have met."

Barbara bowed, frigidly.

Roy Davenal wondered if Mr. De Laurian were always so crisp in his compliments.

Just then Mrs. Chetwynd came in through the window.

Come, girls, it is time for your beauty-sleep.

Gervaise instantly extended his hand to Blanche.

"Good-night, then."

Then he reached it to Barbara.

Cool and haughty, with the air of an empress, she merely inclined her head, keeping her fingers clasped on Roy Davenal's shoulder.

De Laurian bit his tawny mustache in fierce vexation as he went down the steps, and remembered how another man had called his wife "darling."

All that night, in the sleepless hours, he tossed on his pillow; all the next morning the enraging epithet rung in his ears; then, when the hour came for the usual afternoon ride, he had arranged his plans of action.

In his little pony-phacton he drove from Paterson down to Chetwynd Chase, and found Roy Davenal on the veranda, and a low basket-buggy drawn up by the carriage mount.

The two exchanged greetings, and Roy explained he was about to take Barbara for a ride.

"I beg pardon for interfering in the least, Mr. Davenal, but I fear Miss Chetwynd will think you a little unfriendly in devoting yourself so assiduously to Barbara. You are a guest of her father, you know, and permit me to suggest that you court her to-day, and leave your betrothed to me."

De Laurian spoke in a half-earnest, half-confidential way that no one could have taken offense at, much less Roy, who instantly appreciated the delicate advice.

"You are right, De Laurian; I'll make amends. Barbara will excuse me if I desire it, won't you?"

He lifted his hat as she came down the steps with Blanche.

Won't I what? she returned, as she bestowed a careless nod on him.

"Accept a seat in Mr. De Laurian's phaeton, while I improve the opportunity offered of paying my regards to Blanche."

Barbara looked at Gervaise. He telegraphed her a stern command.

Then she smiled triumphantly.

"I prefer not, Roy. You know I have counted so on this ride. Blanche would rather entertain Mr. De Laurian, I'm sure."

Blanche blushed.

"I'm sure I'll ride wherever it is best. I would like a nice little chat with you, Roy."

Blanche had received an encouraging smile from De Laurian ere he replied.

Barbara grew fidgety in a moment.

"Oh, if it's a conspiracy, I'm sure I wouldn't attempt to interfere. It must be a great pity to deprive you of your 'nice little chat.' Mr. De Laurian, I am at your disposal. Do you wish me to ride with you?"

Her coldness did not in the least affect his sunny courtesy.

"I shall be too glad. Let me assist you to the phaeton."

He would have taken her hand, but she sprang in herself; a hard glitter in her steely-black eyes, a fever spot burning on either cheek.

Roy had lifted Blanche in and they drove on, De Laurian following, out of hearing distance.

Not a word was spoken till they had cleared the grounds of Chetwynd Chase; then, with a horrible deliberateness, De Laurian turned toward Barbara.

"Well?"

In that one word was concentrated all the pent-up emotions he had nursed since the previous evening.

"What do you mean, Barbara De Laurian, by your conduct? What am I to understand you mean?"

Threatening authority was conveyed in every intonation of his voice as he glared at her.

She lifted her magnificent eyes boldly to his face.

"What am I, your wife, to understand you mean?"

If De Laurian was angry, Barbara was a match for him.

"Drop me out the question and answer me, I command. What does Roy Davenal mean by calling you darling?"

"What you mean when you call me that name, I presume. I did not ask him to explain."

She was cool and calm, a sneering smile curling on her proud lips.

"But, woman, by what right does he say it?"

"A prior right, man. He knew me and loved me long before you saw me."

"And coming from the presence of him, who, less than six weeks ago, pronounced you my wife, you promised me never to care for him again. Where has your honor gone?"

"To the same place as yours, Gervaise De Laurian. What did you promise me concerning Blanche Chetwynd?"

She laughed as she spoke, a low, sneering laugh that made him turn fiercely on her, and snatch her hands as they lay idly, gracefully over each other.

"See here, Barbara De Laurian! I have

heard him call you darling; I have seen him view you with eyes of love; I have learned you were betrothed to him. Barbara! Barbara! do you know what you are doing?"

His voice lost some of its harsh wrathfulness as he repeated her name; he had been seeing how gloriously beautiful she was in this new phase of character, and he feared, lest, through this Roy Davenal, he might lose her, after all.

"Barbara, I ask, what are you doing?"

"What are you doing?"

Their eyes met with the same inquiry in both their depths.

A silence followed; then, by a mighty effort, for she loved him so, and so longed for a loving word or glance, she spoke his name:

"Gervaise."

Her voice was soft, and it needed but a kind word or a tender look from him to sweep away all the ice barriers.

"If we have acted wrong there is pardon and repentance."

Her siren tones, tones that he so loved, renewed the jealousy-dimmed flame of love; he let fall her hands, and wound his arms around her waist.

"There is no use—I love you so, I love you so, my wife!"

She leaned her head against his shoulder.

"And I, Gervaise, was vexed and jealous that you would not believe I loved no one but you. I do not care for Roy Davenal, but I fear he loves me. You are my all, and in all, my husband."

"Then let us forget the past and begin anew. But, Barbara, I must have you all to myself. We have been married six weeks now, and made no tour yet, which, of course, seemed advisable, considering the secrecy imposed upon us. But, my dearest, although I must compel a continued privacy concerning our marriage, still can we not arrange a trip that will appear ostensible to the Chetwynds?"

She shook her head negatively.

"I fear not."

CHAPTER IX.

BEWARE! BEWARE!

DE LAURIAN smiled at her decisive manner. "You are hasty in your conclusion, my Barbara, are you not?"

"I do not see how it can be done, Gervaise. I do so dislike these secret affairs. Do let us tell them and have done with it. I do not anticipate any trouble, and if there should arise any, we can go away—to England."

She laid her hand on his sleeve while she spoke.

"Barbara, my darling, let me tell you a little confidence. Between you and I there are many good reasons why we may not divulge this affair. First, what think you Roy Davenal will say?"

He watched her narrowly, and a satisfied smile betokened the success his first appeal met with.

"Then—remember this is sacredly confidential—Mr. Chetwynd has spoken to me about Blanche. You have heard them mention the Curse of Chetwynd Chase, haven't you? That is to fall on Blanche's head—she being the youngest daughter—in the shape of desertion, dishonor and death. Mr. Chetwynd tells me Blanche loves me; he has asked me to marry her, as in case of a happy marriage dishonor could not ensue, desertion would not—as for death, that will come whether or not."

Barbara uttered a faint cry of pain.

"Wait, my darling. He wants me to marry Blanche, as I say, and, if you notice, both he and Mrs. Chetwynd are constantly giving me opportunities of cultivating her society."

With quivering mouth Barbara waited till he paused.

"And you love—"

"Only my glowing tropical bird, before whose brilliant beauty Blanche pales as the lily before the rose."

He kissed "the rose" passionately to prove his assertion.

"So you see, my darling," he continued, "why I desire to take you away. The Chetwynds will see me gradually cease my attentions to Blanche, which, for friendship's sake, I have paid, and their minds will be prepared for the news I wish to give them, while you are away. I desire to bear the brunt of it myself."

She thanked him for his brave consideration with her most bewitching smile, while a gleam lighted his eyes as he congratulated himself on the success of his plans.

"Then you'll come with me, my darling?"

He whispered it softly.

"Tell me your arrangements first, please!"

"Have you no friend in the West—no lady who would invite you for three months or so?"

She shook her head; he smiled at her obtuseness.

"Well, then, if you should receive a letter from a very old school-friend, whom you had forgotten, who begged for a visit, couldn't you go, think—even if I were the friend who wrote the letter?"

Gradually the force of the strategy appeared to her; she blushed, then laughed.

"Oh, Gervaise, you are an adept! But our combined absence? People will talk."

"Let them. You will not be here to be annoyed, and the certificate can be displayed when we return to Chetwynd Chase."

His careless, hopeful enthusiasm inspired her; and she gave her word.

"I will prepare for the journey immediately, laughable as it seems for the bride of Gervaise De Laurian to steal forth alone on her wedding tour."

An amused smile accompanied her words.

Just then the other carriage halted, and they all alighted to rest for a few minutes."

It was a charming place, where the fragrant spiciness of the pine grove perfumed the air.

"Do you know what this pine odor reminds me of? Or do none of you believe that scents will carry one irresistibly back to old-time memories?"

Roy Davenal looked meaningfully at Barbara as they walked over the leaf-strewn ground.

"I for one, believe it," she returned. "I can recollect how, one June night, when I was the merest child, they took me to see the corpse of a friend, the dearest playmate I had; she was covered, almost, with geraniums, and since then, their smell sickens and frightens me."

She shivered as she spoke. A little silence followed her words; then Roy gently spoke.

"After unfortunately leading your thoughts in so grave a channel, I fear I should not mention what I was about to propose."

Barbara laughed—a laugh that grated on Roy's ear. He was peculiarly sensitive, and, until now, Barbara's voice had never made but music for him.

If her laugh annoyed him, the words that followed caused strange, sad surprise.

"You needn't mind. She has been dead years and years, and heart-broken though I was, I assure you I am perfectly resigned now."

That heartlessness was the first link of the broken chain; that hour the date Roy Davenal remembered in after days, when he had occasion to be thankful that ever the chain was sundered.

For a moment the silence was awkward; then De Laurian broke it.

"Suppose we walk on until we meet the old

fortune-teller whose hut is somewhere among these mysterious shades? We can pay her a visit, and have the mysterious future unrolled to our eyes by her prophetic sayings."

"I agree, Mr. De Laurian, only I do hope she'll not tell the truth."

Barbara gave him a look he fully comprehended; then he addressed Blanche.

"You also wish she may not speak the truth?"

She laughed, and shook her head gayly.

"As if I wanted all my bad qualities exposed?"

"I differ from you, ladies," said Roy, much more gravely than the occasion called for. "For myself, I prefer the entire truth—much as I doubt her ability to speak it. You are not afraid of her witcheries, De Laurian?"

"I? I afraid of a fortune-teller? She might swear I were a pirate, denounce me as a gambler, a murderer; or call me a—a—"

"Gay deceiver; that will finish the programme," Roy interpolated, merrily.

der gold crescent that was hiding, now and then, among the feathery *cumuli*, and Barbara, as she leaned against the honeysuckle trellis, could not but feel the influence of the time and scene.

And what a time it was! She, a wife, unacknowledged by a soul save her husband; and not only that, but the recognized promised bride of another!

Truly there was little wonder that her breath came quicker, and her heart beat faster, when she heard footsteps approaching, and knew it was her lover coming for the parting interview. She saw Roy Davenal coming up the avenue, and a cold, steady expression gathered in her eyes.

"Shall I mislead him yet this once? Shall I probe him, to see if the blow will be so very hard when it comes? He must not know my double game until every one knows."

She decided hastily as Roy came quickly up the steps, and, with passionate ardor, took both her hands in his own.

"Barbara, my darling, why are you going from me? Won't you stay? Is it because I am here that you are anxious to be away? If so, let me go, and not you."

His voice was thrillingly entreating, and he spoke hurriedly, impulsively, as one who has much at stake. Barbara saw his meaning, divined the suspicion he entertained, and resolved to use it to her own advantage. With a cold little laugh she struggled to withdraw her hands, but he detained them.

"Mr. Davenal, since you will not release me, of course your prisoner has no choice but to remain, however unpleasant the situation."

In an instant he let her hands fall.

"What, Barbara! you cease calling me Roy? You affirm it is distasteful to you to be near me? Barbara, tell me, what have I done to offend you?"

"It is of no consequence, in the least degree, that I need repeat it."

She spoke indifferently as she toyed with a spray of the honeysuckle.

Roy's eager eyes were on her impassive face, and the look of distress on his own was pitiful to behold.

Just then Barbara looked up, and their eyes met. She started at the sight of him.

"I will tell you then that you have surmised correctly in supposing that your presence drives me from my home. At first, your visit was a source of ceaseless joy to me; afterward, when I discovered it was not myself, after all, that was the motive that brought you, I concluded to abandon the field to my fair rival, and dispose of myself as best I could."

"What! you accuse me of favoring a rival of yours, Barbara? You tell me another purpose than seeing you brought me all the way from St. Louis here? Oh, Barbara, what demon has been poisoning your heart against me?"

His voice was freighted with anguish, and Barbara saw him throw his hat on the floor, and pass his hands over his forehead again and again, as if to quell some tumultuous pain.

A momentary remorseful pang shot through Barbara's heart.

"Poor fellow, he deserves better than this at my hands."

It was a passing thought, but Davenal was benefited thereby, for, almost involuntarily, she uttered his name, "Roy!"

It was spoken in a low, tender tone, and a sudden happiness lighted his features.

"Barbara, darling, you will take back those cruel words? You'll tell me you have other reasons for going away? You'll tell me once more you love me?"

He was so impulsive, so ardent, in his great, strong love for this woman, and she smiled at his impetuous way.

A smile usually opens the door to a kind word, and it was not the reverse in this case.

"Roy, I admit I am hardly treating you fairly. I did say I thought you cared more for Blanche Chetwynd than for me."

He snatched a twig of honeysuckle.

"I don't care that for her! and you know it, Barbara!"

"You are not over complimentary to your host's daughter, Roy."

"As a lady, she will always command my esteem and honor; as a friend, my best friendship. But as a wife, Barbara, she is a nonentity, compared with you. Why, if I had married her, and then met you, I'd not like to say what would have been the consequences. Barbara, don't you know how I love you?"

He laid his hand on her shoulder and looked down into her eyes.

"You'd not commit suicide, or sue for a divorce, would you?" she laughed, but a cold shiver thrilled her as she listened framed another question. "Suppose the case reversed. Suppose I were married, to Mr. De Laurian, for instance, what would you do?"

As she waited his answer, a sickening dread she could not help, crept numbly over her, that was not alleviated when he spoke, in a painful, shrill whisper.

"I do not hesitate a moment. When a man loves as I love you, Barbara Lester, he would never permit another to cross his path with impunity. Do you care for Gervaise De Laurian?"

The question came so suddenly it almost took her breath; she shrugged her shoulders and laughed.

"I care for Gervaise De Laurian, and engaged to you? Roy, that is absurd."

He did not smile in response.

"You have gracefully evaded the question. Do you care for him at all? Yes or no, please."

He regarded her with a scrutiny that took all her indomitable will to meet. Then, with her matchless effrontery, she answered:

"I do not."

A sigh of relief escaped her as he accepted the deliberate lie.

"I thought perhaps you did," rejoined Roy, caressing her cold fingers. "I judged from your coolness toward me, and by the way you just now used his name."

Barbara trembled as she realized the danger her false lips had avowed.

"I am going in, Roy; it's getting chilly. Are you coming?"

She paused on the threshold and looked over her shoulder. Roy thought he had never seen her so passing fair.

"Yes, my dearest one! wherever you go, I follow, even to the death."

Like a funeral knell those words rung in her ears, and, despite her efforts to forget them, they haunted her for weeks and weeks.

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 153.)

Cross-Purposes.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

A TALL, dark-browed, stern-eyed man, with lips that seldom smiled, and flashing, gloomy eyes of intense black; eyes that always seemed sneering at something, or some one.

He was renowned for his wisdom, his wealth, and his utter invulnerability to woman's charms; some people said that a woman's charms and a woman's falsity in earlier years had planted that moody beauty in his splendid eyes.

He was very rich, and, as a natural conse-

quence, wasted all of his time in one round of fashionable gaiety; for, heartless though they said he was, among all the cavaliers of his set, there was none with the gracious courtesies of air, and a witching devotion to women as this same strange riddle—Rostine Lafancherie.

Girls there were to be counted by scores who would gladly, for the asking, have taken their place as the mistress of his name, home and purse, and of all who admired him, little Lillian Wallace admired the most.

A tiny, witching girl, scarce up to Mr. Lafancherie's broad shoulders; a violet-eyed, ebony-haired girl, with a heart overflowing with purest womanly instincts, and a life like one long June day—all azure skies, fragrant flowers and joyous sunshine.

Very gradually had the strangely sweet knowledge come to her that she had crowned this man king of her affections; almost before she had come to thoroughly know him she found had been the time when she unconsciously swore allegiance to him.

And he, in all his proud hauteur, and grand strength, used to bend his head lower than his will to catch the sweet melody of Lillian's voice as she leaned on his arm, inwardly deciding what a "nice little girl she was, only hardly characteristic enough." So that was all the thought of her, while she went on wildly worshipping, blindly riding on to the rocks of destiny, never knowing whether the hope-freighted bark of love would dash to fragments or ride gayly triumphant into a calm haven.

It was a classic face, chiseled like a statue, with a marble-white complexion that was warmed by no tinge of varying color. Hair of intense blackness, with here and there a ripple that lent purplish shadows to its massive beauty. Eyes that matched, in hue and intensity, large, full-lidded and slumberous, that reminded you somehow of hidden fires.

Over such a face Rostine Lafancherie was bending, with passionate longing in his eyes, and earnest meaning on his features; with such looks of love that you would have known this woman, whose portrait he held, was the star of his destiny, whether for good or for evil.

And it seemed to him, as he met those rare, radiant eyes, that they were smiling at him with a kindlier light than ever Muriel Trevanion's own did; and he wondered, as he suddenly kissed those pomegranate-scarlet lips, if ever the warm, moist, living ones would so coldly respond?

He fairly worshipped her, that high-bred, high-born girl, Muriel Trevanion; she, of all women, he had chosen to love—her, whom to know was to admire.

He never once thought of his own attractions in regard to Muriel Trevanion. When he thought of her, it was with feelings strangely humble and self-abased that he dared aspire to the boon of her love—the princess, the empress of all women.

Yet, with all his mad, wild worship for her, with all the grace and assurance in his perfect manner, Rostine Lafancherie had never yet approached Muriel Trevanion with words of love. True, they were often together, and were the best of friends. But to-night, as he met the brightness of her eyes, and saw the full, proud curve of her perfect lips, he suddenly decided to be dilatory no longer; he would cast the die.

So he rapidly wrote them down, all the love words that burned on his lips and flamed in his heart; he called her his "star," his "queen," his "goddess," and altogether wrote just such a royal letter, that the woman who loved him would have been intoxicated with the joy of it.

He carefully placed this in an undirected, unsealed envelope; he would put it in her hands himself, so there would be no delay, or danger of another's reading it; and then he started off, first for an engagement with Lillian Wallace, afterward to put his fate in Muriel Trevanion's white hands.

Mr. Lafancherie had just gone, and Lillian, to whom the sound of his footfall was as sweetest music, had listened him away, wondering, as she leaned back in the arm-chair where he had sat, if he had begun to love her ever so little, because there seemed a new, delicious atmosphere about them that day.

Then, lying like a snow-flake on the bright-hued Persian rug, she saw a blank envelope, unsealed, and looking for all the world as if it had been purposely hidden among the soft, velvety tufts of bloom.

Perhaps a secret suspicion surged over her; at any rate, she hastened to see if it contained aught.

And then she read the eagerly, passionate love words that Rostine Lafancherie had poured from his very soul, to Muriel Trevanion; those protestations and proudly humble entreaties to let him know if she loved him.

Poor, poor Lillian! her face grew radiant beyond expression; her glorious eyes took in a solemnly ecstatic light, and her lips quivered and trembled in the might of the sudden tide of bliss that had surged in upon her.

Rostine Lafancherie loved her—*here!* was it not wondrous strange, she thought, and yet, oh, so passing sweet to be his, alone, entirely?

Did she not love him? Ah, the sweet, shy blushing of her face answered the question.

And then, on a dainty sheet of faintest perfumed paper, Lillian Wallace opened all her heart to Rostine Lafancherie; told him, in all the glad pride and triumph a woman feels when she has won her greatest prize—the heart of the man she loves—with no pretension to reserve, for had not he been so free, so frank?—all she felt, all the bliss that had come to her through him, and how forever thankful she was and would be for the love he had given her.

She sent him the letter by mail, and then went about her duties, with a lighter heart than ever woman carried before.

"Poor, poor Lillian! How was she to know it was not for her, when no name had been mentioned? When all the endearing appellations were so poetic—'star' and 'princess'?"

Was it not reasonable to think undoubtedly it meant her? Besides, how easy for us all to believe true what we want to be true!

Very like her picture was Muriel Trevanion that sunny noonday, as she sat near the bay-window where the glinting sunbeams falling through the quivering leaves of flowers, lay a golden aureole over her queenly head.

She had been sitting there, quietly reading, some time before Rostine Lafancherie was shown in; and then, with a smile, arose to welcome him.

"It has been so long since I saw you," she said, as she sunk gracefully back in her low bamboo chair; and he, the proud, eager lover, so longed to take her in his arms and swear never to leave her again.

And he did tell her it all in quick, trembling words, that came faster almost than he could say them; he utterly forgot he had written it all for her to read; he was altogether unconscious of the fate of that letter; he only remembered he was suing for the one blessing life yet lacked—the love of Muriel Trevanion.

And she, downcast, pallid as marble, listened with tender pity at her woman's heart. Then, when he was silent, awaiting breathlessly the fate she would award him, she raised her eyes to him.

"I am sorry—oh, so sorry, but, Mr. Lafancherie, I am betrothed already to the choice of my heart. Oh, Mr. Lafancherie, God knows how it pains me to be obliged to tell you this!"

He did not see the tears on her eyelashes; he did not see the anguished quivering of her lips. He seemed stricken blind, deaf, dumb, yet with all the fearful capacity of realizing the despairing disappointment of his blasted life hopes.

In his own room it lay, a white-winged messenger, addressed in Lillian Wallace's hand; the first object that arrested his attention as he entered.

Heart sore, soul-sick, he opened it and read it. Such a letter, such a revelation—and then, with a pang of horror, he discovered the loss of his letter; he must have drawn it from his pocket with his handkerchief, and Lillian, dear, clueless little Lillian had thought it was for her!

Even with all his own blindness, his heart bled for her; for how could he accept it, this pure, girlish love against the scorching sinuous that was blighting him—all for Muriel Trevanion?

So he folded up the letter in a tenderly pitiful way, and wrote another, just such a one as just such a gentleman would write, telling her the mistake, assuring her it was a sacred secret, and praying her, with an eloquence that almost killed her when she read it over and over, in the first days of her agony, to be merciful to him for his agency in thus wounding so pure a heart.

So they three parted then and there forever: Muriel Trevanion to tread a path of fairest flowers, whose only thorns were memories of Rostine Lafancherie's dumb, hopeless despair. He, who had worshipped her, and whom another worshipped, afar to other countries, where he strove, and never succeeded, to forget the old, old memories; and Lillian, whose violet eyes carried a brooding, haunting agony in their depths that seemed ever weeping unshed tears, went wearily on and on, with but one precious memory to shine on her darkened pathway—the remembrance that, of all women, Rostine Lafancherie had written her sympathized most strongly with her.

Rocky Mountain Rob, THE CALIFORNIA OUTLAW; OR, The Vigilantes of Humburg Bar.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN.
AUTHOR OF "THE WOLF DEMON," "OVERLAND KIT," "RED MAZEPA," "ACE OF STADES," "HEART OF FIRE," "WITCHES OF NEW YORK," "A STRANGE GUILD," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXVIII. THE RAID ON THE "HEATHEN."

"All clear!" asked the leader of the outlaws, and Talbot recognized at once that it was the terrible road-agent in person. He had not forgotten the voice which had doomed him to the awful death, from which he had been rescued by the rattlesnake.

"All right, Cap," the scout responded. "Go on ahead, then," Rob said; "go slow and keep your wits about you. We must not make the attack until about one. We must allow time enough for the game to shut up and the miners to get away. The 'Johns' will be easy enough to handle, but two or three of the 'sharps' from the valley would be apt to worry us a little."

"I understand, Cap," the scout replied.

"Go on."

Then the scout struck into the trail by which Talbot had come to the opening, and which led down to the banks of the Wisdom.

The main body of the outlaws waited some ten minutes; then Rob gave the command to march, and in single file, Indian fashion, they followed in the footsteps of the scout.

The road-agents passed so near to Talbot that he could have easily reached forth his hand and touched them.

Tramp—tramp!

The sound of the measured step of the outlaws rose and fell on the air, ringing out sharply at first, but growing fainter and fainter as the march led down toward the valley; they soon ceased altogether, and then Talbot rose from his lair amid the bushes.

The few words which he had overheard revealed to him the purpose of the midnight march of the outlaws. It was their intent to track the Chinese Camp, and wrest from the Celestials their precious gold-dust.

"I need not hurry myself much to track them, now that I know where they are going," Talbot muttered; "and it will only be prudent not to follow upon their heels too closely, for some one of them might take it into his head to lead behind the rest, and, though I should not fear to encounter one of the scoundrels, the noise of our struggle would bring all the rest back upon me."

And so Dick waited twenty minutes at least before he took the trail leading to the river.

Cautiously, revolver in hand, he stole onward along the winding way. He knew not but at any moment he might stumble upon the robber band; but, as there were so many of them, he doubted not that he could detect them before they could him.

At last he came within ear-shot of the Chinese Camp, and still no sound hovering in the air told of the presence of the armed ruffians.

Talbot again sought concealment in the bushes, but hardly had he extended himself upon the ground when to his ears came the sound of a man's fist knocking against a door. It was one of the road-agents trying to gain entrance to the shanty.

Determined to look upon the scene of horror which he felt sure would soon come, Dick slowly and cautiously crawled through the bushes, fearful that at any moment he might stumble upon some one of the outlaws concealed in the thicket.

But precaution was needless, as he soon discovered the moment he reached the edge of the bushes. The road-agents, in a circle, had surrounded the house, waiting the result of their comrade's parley with the Chinaman.

To the first knock at the door of the shanty the inmates made no reply, and, just as Talbot came to the edge of the opening, the outlaw knocked again, louder than before.

"What wantest?" demanded one of the "Johns," evidently aroused by the noise.

"Got a sick man hyer," answered the outlaw; "I'm feared he'll die ef I don't get him shelter. His leg's broke, I s'pose. He tumbled down a rock a leetle way back."

"No open, Mellican man," the Chinaman replied, tersely.

"Blazes! you won't let the man die out hyer in the bush, will yer?" the outlaw demanded, in pretended indignation.

"Get away—me shootee!" cried the "John," threateningly.

"The blazes you will!" cried the outlaw, in a rage. "Jest fire a shot an' we'll string the hull of yer up like inyons!"

"Yell, boys!" cried Rob, sharply, and then the wild halloo of the ruffians rung on the air, followed by twenty or thirty revolver shots,

which rattled like hail against the sides of the shanty. Evidently it was the object of the outlaw to frighten the Chinamen, and thus force them to yield without resistance.

Deliberately two of the stoutest of the outlaws raised a huge stone and cast it against the door. The rock broke in the fragile obstruction instantly, and then, yelling like demons, the outlaws rushed into the shanty.

The Chinamen, frightened at the numbers of the assailants, did not attempt to resist, but suffered themselves to be dragged out by their long cues, pleading in pitiful accents for mercy.

"What's your dust?" the outlaws cried.

"Me gottee no dustee!" the poor heathens replied, in terror—a reply which was received by the outlaws with a shout of laughter.

Striking a light, the brigands searched the shanty, but found only a small quantity of gold-dust, a circumstance which disappointed them greatly, for they had counted upon extracting a rich booty from the heathen Chinese.

The chief one of the Chinamen was the man who had acted as dealer of the *monte* bank—a fact that seemed known to the outlaw chief, for, when the road-agents sacked the shanty and reported the amount of gold-dust, Rob gave utterance to a bitter oath, and, pointing to the Chinaman who was standing in the center of the little group of trembling men, said:

"Bring that fellow to me—the old one without shoes."

A dozen hasty, rough hands instantly seized the unfortunate Celestial.

"Where's your dust, John?" Rob cried, harshly.

"Me no gotteee dustee, muchee," the heathen replied, trembling.

Then Rob drew one of his silver-mounted revolvers from his pouch, deliberately cocked it, and placed the cold muzzle against the temple of the Chinaman.

"Now, you yellow dog, spit out where you buried your dust, or I'll send you to your father, the devil, instanter," he cried, sternly.

The unfortunate Chinaman trembled so that but for the support of the road-agents, who still kept their made hands upon him, he would have fallen to the ground.

But, even with the cold press of the revolver upon his brow, he either would not or could not tell the hiding-place of the gold-dust.

"The yellow heathen shall tell, or I'll cut his heart out for the dogs to eat," the outlaw said, though hesitating to pull the trigger, for he knew that the death of the man would not give him the dust, and possibly, being the chief man of the shanty, he was the only one who knew the hiding-place of the treasure.

"Make a fire some of you," was the next command of Rob. And, while the road-agents hurried to obey, two more, at Rob's order, bound the Chinaman hand and foot with cords.

A huge fire blazed out, and then they placed the helpless Chinaman so that the fire would toast his feet, and inch by inch, as Rob dictated, they moved the helpless man nearer and nearer to the fire.

The shrieks and prayers of the tortured man were awful, but the road-agents roared with laughter as they beheld the sufferings of their victim.

Talbot, watching from the thicket, felt his blood run cold with horror. He had often heard of the terrible deeds of the lawless road-agents, but this scene of agony surpassed any brutal act that he had heard ascribed to the outlaws.

Thrice had Talbot drawn back the hammer of his revolver, and thrice he had "covered" Rob with a deadly aim, but the thought was madness. He did not care to give his own life in exchange for the life of the road-agent.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE LAST OF THE CHINESE CAMP.

"Confess, you heathen! Where's your gold-dust?" cried the outlaw chief, enraged at the obstinacy of his victim.

"Me no dustee!" exclaimed the Chinaman, between his moans of pain.

"Stick his feet into the fire, the cursed fool!" yelled Rob, brutally.

But before the two outlaws who held the struggling man could obey the order, the victim, with a strength that seemed almost supernatural, broke the bonds which confined his arms, and, seizing one of the road-agents by the throat, endeavored to choke him; the man was crazy with pain.

Over upon the ground rolled the two in close embrace, but the knife of the other ruffian who had previously held the victim, quickly settled the contest, and with a groan of anguish the unfortunate Chinaman released his hold on the throat of the outlaw, much to the relief of that worthy, and falling on his back, died almost without a groan.

"You cursed fool!" cried the outlaw chief, in a rage, "what did you do that for?"

"He was a strangled Bill," replied the ruffian, sullenly, wiping his knife as he spoke on the skirt of his coat, while "Bill" rose to his feet, his neck still livid from the clasp of the man whom they tortured to desperation.

"He would have saved the hangman some trouble," Rob said, grimly. Then he turned to the little group of Chinese, who stood trembling with fear a dozen paces off.

"I've had a mind to throw you into the fire, one by one, and roast you!" he exclaimed, savagely.

Down on their knees in an agony of fear went the unfortunate men.

Their despairing cries came out shrill on the night air. Little feeling of mercy had the outlaw, though; his iron heart knew no touch of tenderness or leniency.

"Where's the dust?" shouted Rob, sternly.

Quickly and eagerly the frightened men denied all knowledge of any treasure concealed in the shanty.

"The cursed whelps!" cried the chief, in a rage, "they value their gold-dust more than they do their lives."

"We'd better hurry up, Cap," one of the ruffians said to Rob; "we've been a long time about this job now."

"Set fire to the shanty!" ordered Rob. "If the dust is concealed inside, we'll fix it so that they shalln't have it, if they deny it to us."

With many a wild shout and curse the road-agents snatched burning brands, and in a minute or so the flames burst forth from the shanty.

A howl of despair came from the lips of the heathens as they beheld the destruction of their home.

"The next one that howls, pitch him into the fire!" cried Rob; then an idea struck the outlaw chief.

"Here, some of you fellows, cut off the pig-tails of the cusses; they'll do for mule-whips!"

A shout of laughter went up from the band. They all knew how dear to the heart of the Celestial was the cherished "cue."

The ruffians did not wait for a second bidding, but in a trice, with their sharp bow-knives, shaved off the pig-tail from the head of every Chinaman.

Low, but deep, were the moans of anguish which came from the lips of the Celestials at this degradation.

The flames from the burning house began to redden the sky as the fire shot up in the air from the roof.

"The heathen ought to be cleaned out, anyway," muttered Rob, as if to partially excuse the outrage which his band had committed.

"They've no business here, taking the bread out of the mouths of honest white men."

"That's so," cried another one of the gang. The flames shot up, brighter and brighter.

Talbot had retired further into the shelter of the bushes, as the lurid light lit up the scene.

The False Widow:

OR,
FLORIEN REDESDALE'S FORTUNE.BY MRS. JENNIE DAVIS BURTON.
AUTHOR OF "ADRIA, THE ADOPTED," "CROIX'S DE-
CEIT," "STRANGELY WED," "MADAME DU-
KAND'S PROTEGES," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

AS FROM THE DEAD.

STIFF, and stern, and gaunt, Miss Deborah Gray sat bolt upright in her chair in the midst of her spotlessly clean-kitchen.

Her hands were folded across her lap, idle for once. Her eyes fixed upon the stainless white floor, where a bar of afternoon sunshine mottled it goldenly, and the shadows of the leaves at the window quivered as the breeze rustled through. Two years passed scarcely left a trace upon Miss Gray. Yet the cold eyes as they lifted had a weary look—not heavy with rushed tears, but bitter and hard as if the weary pilgrimage she had made of life had lost its little resting-places by the way.

She checked a sigh upon her lips and rose up, moving about restlessly, arranging articles already in order, dusting imaginary specks from immaculate shelves, and finally sitting down in the same idle position again.

Miss Deb was sorely disappointed that day. Her withered old heart had been yearning over the one spot of tenderness it contained—tenderness truly, though it had lain undemonstrative when an expression of it in look or word might have changed the rebellious current of a resolute young life. And now she felt that she had been looking and waiting in vain for the coming of the girl she had sadly missed in these last two years.

"Like all the rest," Miss Deb thought, compressing her thin lips. "Ungrateful and forgetful. Taken up with the empty pleasures of the wicked world, tricked out in vanity and treading paths of deceit. And I thought—I did think, though turning her back on one who strove to bring her up in paths of rectitude and truth, that she would come to see me for a little time, at least. It's a trial, but through such are we purified. I didn't know before I'd so set my heart on the child's coming."

Miss Deb stifled another sigh upon her lips there, and took up the sewing she had not touched before that day. She did not even look up as the front gate clanged and a step crunched upon the gravelled walk. It was too late to expect Florien now. Besides, this was a man's step, and Miss Deb was quite free from the feminine weakness which could interest her in any man's approach.

She did glance up at last, sootily enough, as the step paused in the open door, and a shadow marked itself across the sun-barred floor.

A tall, broad-shouldered man, with bronzed, handsome features, eager, dark eyes, and nut-brown hair just touched with silver, cut close and curling about his rather massive head. One you would never mistake for any thing other than he was—a high-toned gentleman. He stood that in hand, his head bent forward scanning the room and its one occupant.

"Good-evening to you, Miss Deborah Gray," his voice was rich, quiet and deep, and there was a smile on his lips and in his eyes as he read the perplexed and doubting expression upon her face.

"Good-evening to you, then, though you've got something the advantage of me. Come in, if you like."

The invitation was not very graciously given, but the stranger acted upon it without hesitation. He came forward until he stood close facing her.

"Don't you know me, Deborah?" You never quite forgave me, so I think it isn't possible that you've utterly forgotten."

Her hard, gray face grew harder and grayer as she gazed at him, and her lips parted with a half-gasp before she could speak, her voice hoarse and unnatural when she did.

"It isn't—it can't be—you are never Hubert Redesdale!"

"I am Hubert Redesdale. Shake hands, Deborah, and forget all the unpleasantness which was between us in the past."

She let her cold hand rest for a moment in his hearty clasp, that dazed look still on her face.

"I can't understand it," she said. "Miss Deb had never been so near fainting, or going into hysterics, or finding some such feminine outlet for her amazement and incredulity, half terror at first, as at this moment; but she sat still, spoke quietly, and overcame her faintness and the impulse to scream and laugh and cry in a breath which assailed her. In a moment she was over her weakness, repeating:

"I can't understand it—I can't. You were dead and buried two years ago, now you're here and alive."

"Not quite dead, Deborah. Very near it, I grant, but never buried certainly. I'll explain all that presently. But now tell me where Florien is—my little winsome girlie. You can't know how my love for her has grown in these years of my absence; it is that which has brought me back at last. Where is she, Deborah?"

"You don't mean you've come here without seeing her—them? Haven't you been there? I don't know why you should come here at all after putting such a slight upon the memory of my sister I married. I shouldn't think you'd care for a place which must remind you of her."

"Will you tell me where Florien is? Never mind the rest now, Deborah; it is my daughter I want."

"Where is she?" repeated Miss Deb, grimly. "Where should she be but with your new wife—the Frenchy thing you married out there in the colonies. A devoted bride she must have been to come away thinking you were dead. Do you suppose Winnifred would have done that?"

He returned her glance, in which rising ire betrayed itself, with one amazed and incredulous as hers had been a little time before.

"What do you mean?—my wife? Florien with her? My child is not dead, Deborah—don't tell me that!" He was pale with the sudden fear, and a cold moisture was breaking through upon his forehead. But her words assailed his fear.

"Dead? I should think not. She is in New York with your wife, I say. I don't see why you didn't go there first; you could scarcely expect to find that woman here."

"That woman! What woman? My wife died two years and a half ago, out there in Australia, the second month after our marriage. She died and was buried beyond a doubt. We had our passage taken for home, and I had written to announce our return, when she was stricken down with the fever. She did not live a week, and I was never away from her. She was buried, and the same day I fell ill of the scourge which was sweeping off hundreds every day. I had exhausted my strength, and the third day of my illness, fell into a stupor which resembled death; it was the day following that we were to have sailed for home. My business agent—Alec Kenyon—and his wife who were to return along with us, really did sail with the ship. Poor Alec—faithful fellow!—would have staid to see what he supposed to be my lifeless re-

mains consigned to the grave, but the woman persuaded him to hasten away from the plague-stricken city. He would not have gone even then, but he found a friend of mine who had recovered from the fever and meant to remain, who promised to take the responsibilities of the burial, and not let me be hurried away in the dead-cart which was loaded down on its rounds now with ghastly burdens. His wife would have had me sent away in it soon as I was apparently dead, and to Alec's faithfulness I owe my preservation. Before the hour fixed for my burial I betrayed signs of life, and my friend was unwearying in his attendance upon me. While I was yet unconscious he had me moved to the city, and when I was able to bear the journey, had me conveyed still further to a place of his up among the mountains. While there, and recovering, an excitement broke out; gold had been found in the vicinity, and I joined with him in establishing and operating mines. We were successful even beyond our hopes, but I was discontented. I had gathered together enough to keep me the rest of my life, and to provide handsomely for my child. I longed for Florien—the one being I had on all the earth to love—and after I had been a year at the mines, I made up my mind to quit it all and return. I did do it, delaying only for the time necessary to close up my business connections, and here I am."

"I had written to Florien each year, to you occasionally, sending remittances for her use, but I never heard from home except casually once or twice from acquaintances I chanced across."

"All that I was worth before that illness of mine had been forwarded to New York, and long before my marriage I had made my will, leaving every thing to Florien should I never return. I settled later accumulations upon my wife, and all my papers were in Alec's possession. He promised, should I not recover, to have every thing properly conveyed to my daughter. Poor fellow! The ship in which he sailed was lost; a few escaped, but he and his wife were among the missing."

"That is my story—of all. I came here at once after landing. And you tell me that Florien is not here—that I have a wife who has claimed her and taken her away. The woman is an impostor whoever she may be. Tell me all you know of her, Deborah; of her claims, and by what means she was successful in her bold move."

Miss Gray told him, and brought out the letter she had received two years before, signed with his wife's name, announcing his death and her intended return.

Mr. Redesdale heard her through, and glanced at the letter she gave him.

"It must be that Kenyon's wife escaped," he said, thoughtfully, when she was through. "No one else could have successfully carried out the role. She was a clever adventuress—nothing better—not half worthy the noble fellow, her husband. He would have died rather than let himself to such a scheme. I can not recall having ever seen her chirography, but this is very different from my own wife's penmanship. And the date—oh! I see. This letter was written and dispatched by the mail steamer the very day they embarked. The woman's name was Mirette, too, the same as my wife's; and my apparent death with that may have shown her how feasible the plan could be made."

The sun dropped low, sunk out of sight, and it grew dusk as they sat there. Then Miss Deb started up with an exclamation half of surprise, half of apology. She had made her confession while they talked together, after this manner:

"You said when you came in that I never quite forgave you, and maybe it's so. We're quits on it then, for I hardly acted fairly by you, Hubert Redesdale, though I believe I did what was best."

And with that preface she told of the intercepted letters, of Florien's grief, of her journey always from her childish remembrances of him. When the confession was made, peace and confidence were perfect between them; the hard woman was softened and happier than she had been since the day her sister Winnifred ran away to marry the impetuous student who had fallen in love with her pretty face.

"It's two good hours after tea-time," she said. "What was I thinking of, and you just in from traveling too. You'll be famished. Sit still, and I'll have supper soon as I can."

"None for me, thank you. I took dinner at the hotel before I came here, and shall go back for the night. I shall take the first morning train for the city, unmask that woman who claims to be my wife, and bring Florien down on a visit for a week or two if you can accommodate us."

While they stood there the gate clanged for the second time that afternoon, and footsteps came up the walk. Miss Deb struck a light and met the new-comer at the door. It was Aubrey Lessingham.

"My dear Miss Gray, am I intruding again?" he asked, with a laughing glance at the masculine figure within. "Don't turn me away, please; it's Miss Redesdale I'm come in search of."

"Florien? She is not here."

"Surely she must be. She left town two days ago for Beachcliff. Do you mean to say she has not been here?"

"She has not been here. It's two years almost since she set foot in this house."

A little dismayed silence fell, broken by Mr. Redesdale coming forward.

"Are you quite sure?" he asked. "She may have intended coming and been detained. I beg your pardon—I am her father, just arrived, and by no means dead as report has had it."

At that Miss Deb realized the sense of her duty and presented the two gentlemen. Aubrey, astonished beyond measure, and attracted by the open, handsome face which Florien resembled, gave him a hearty welcome home.

"She certainly is not in town," he said, reverting to the subject after a little time. "I called at the house the day before yesterday, but the family had left early that morning—unexpectedly, I think. I had a note given me, left by Miss Redesdale herself, stating that they were coming here."

"It is strange," mused Florien's father. "Have you that note at present, Mr. Lessingham?" It is possible you may have been mistaken—that it will bear some other construction."

"I think not," Aubrey reddened and hesitated. The note, short as it was, would betray the tender relation they had so lately acknowledged; but a glance at the other's face decided him to have no concealments from the outset.

"I have the note; you shall judge for yourself."

A few brief lines, announcing their departure for Beachcliff and Miss Gray's—that decided enough; beginning "Dearest" and signed "Yours, Florien." Mr. Redesdale turned it over in his hand with a half-sigh and a half-smile, fixing his steady eyes on the young man's ingenuous face.

"I have the honor to be Miss Redesdale's affianced husband, sir,"—answering that look.

"And I have come for my daughter just in time to lose her. That, again, however. Where is the next place after this they would be most likely to go—where, changing their minds at the last moment, they might have gone with-out an apparent change of their programme?"

"What I have been asking myself since I

have been here, sir. If Florien had been alone she might have gone for a few days to her school friends. Had it not been Mrs. Redesdale's anxiety to come, which hurried them away so suddenly, I would think she might have caused an alteration in their plans."

"Ah!" The ejaculation interrupted him. He had not been enlightened regarding the imposture which had been successfully palmed upon the world during the two years past, but now Mr. Redesdale repeated his story briefly though succinctly.

The younger man heard him aghast, and his mind, quickened by a lover's intuition, grasped the fear which her father scarcely entertained.

"It must be that that woman has received some hints of your being alive, and has spirited her away, to observe in some manner her plot. The promised journey to Beachcliff was meant both to deceive Florien and any one making inquiries after her. A woman like that would stop at nothing to accomplish her designs; she may be meaning to keep Florien as a hostage while she makes terms with you."

"It would seem so. My poor little girl!"

"We must lose no time in starting a search for her, sir. Heaven knows what indignities may be put upon her, or to what trials she may be subjected. No one would dare bring her absolutely into danger, but there are other ways of inflicting suffering, and Florien is sensitive to a degree. I suggest the first step which occurs to me? You, sir, be my father's guest at the Lodge to-night, and make him acquainted with all these circumstances. We came down to-day earlier than we had intended, but very fortunately I find. I will take the night train back to the city, and you shall come in the morning with the judge if you wish, as I presume you will. Meantime, I shall make what inquiries I can, and endeavor to discover the route they have taken."

This course they acted upon. Aubrey had time to accompany Mr. Redesdale to the Lodge, where his appearance created unlimited consternation, surprise, and rejoicing, to explain his absence, and to rush away just in time to catch the train at the village station.

In the little village, Miss Deb, softened and sorrowful, passed a sleepless night, but with no outward sign, there and alone as she was, to betray the anxiety which wore upon her. At the Lodge the two men sat late, consulting together. And Aubrey, in his journey back to town, was possessed with that feverish impatience which none but a lover can feel, when he knows the object of his love to be encircled by perils which are more appalling for their uncertainty.

CHAPTER XXIX.

RECONCILES.

Ten days after that, Mr. Redesdale, in his city apartments, turned about at sound of the opening door, and the eager expectancy on his face faded.

"My dear boy! No need to ask a question, I fear—I see failure written on your countenance."

"I have failed to discover the faintest trace further than you already know. And you?"

"Have been wholly unsuccessful. Impossible as it seems to remain inactive while her fate is so wrapped in uncertainty, there seems no way for it except to await that woman's movements."

"And she may hold aloof for weeks, counting upon your anxiety regarding your daughter to embrace the first terms she may offer. She has found some way of coercing Florien, that is evident, otherwise she would have written to me, announcing their change of plans. I shall never give up the search until she is found and restored to us, Mr. Redesdale. I am not disheartened, but I am realizing the difficulty of the undertaking, which did not seem so great when we learned they had embarked on Colonel Marquestone's yacht for Beachcliff. It did not appear so very distant, that, and they should have extended their trip, and it did appear most improbable that the false Mrs. Redesdale should have gained any hint of your arrival. But they have been nowhere heard of since. They have neither reached Beachcliff, nor touched at any of the ports along the shore."

"I think your first impression was correct, Aubrey. That woman is hiding Florien for some sinister purpose, and they have taken good care to cover their tracks."

"But the companionship, sir?"

"It is not reassuring. I find some dark hints regarding Colonel Marquestone under the show of respectability he has attained. A gambler and an adventurer merely tolerated by society. And the young artist is a Kenyon. I have had time to think since we met last, and I had not then observed the coincidence of the name. I would have staked my faith in Alec's loyalty to me, but there may be others of the name whom she can wield to her will."

Aubrey stood gloomy and silent. Louis Kenyon's presence on board the yacht had been a source of uneasiness to him all the week. Why should he have been taken into the party?

Was it possible that any darker scheme than simply hiding Florien as a hostage for the protection and benefit of her assumed step-mother was covered by the mystery of their disappearance? Mr. Redesdale, pacing slowly back and forth, paused presently as he asked:

"Have you been to the house? After all, we may have been distressing ourselves in this matter needlessly. They may have returned from what has been merely a pleasure trip, while we have been scouring the coast in search of them."

"In such a case we would have heard before this. I have not yet been there, but, if you like, we will go together now."

They went out into the street, arm in arm. There had been no publicity and no scandal yet. It would not be well to give the plotters warning, if it were possible they were yet ignorant of the entire truth regarding Mr. Redesdale's return.

The imposing house looked quite deserted. The whole floor was closed, and it was minutes before Aubrey's ring was answered. Thomas, the footman, made his leisurely appearance at last. No, the ladies had not returned, and there was no word from them. They did not expect any, indeed. Missus had said they would be gone for a month, perhaps. The servants had been given a holiday, all except himself, the housekeeper, and the cook, and they wouldn't be apt to know any thing more; still, if the gentlemen wanted to ask them—

"No," Aubrey cut short the man's rather impertinent address and nonchalant stare at the stranger accompanying him. "That is all, Thomas."

They turned to descend the steps at the moment that another gentleman who had approached began to ascend, and Mr. Redesdale was brought facing the new-comer. The latter was rather striking, those two men gazing into each other's wonder-stricken faces, Aubrey looking on in some surprise, and Thomas peering from the crack of the door above.

"Alec! Alec Kenyon, is it possible?"

"Mr. Redesdale! Good heavens! Is it truly you?"

Being men, that exclamation of amazement sufficed. Their hands gripped without another word, and Mr. Redesdale, with a backward

glance, caught sight of the footman's inquisitive face, and lowered his voice to say:

"This is not the place for explanations. Come, Aubrey, we will go back together to my hotel."

But Aubrey excused himself, and went off in an opposite direction, his native delicacy suggesting that there might be revelations to be made between these two men which would be better unattended.

And Thomas, describing the scene to his companion dignitaries—the housekeeper and cook—declared "they looked as though they'd seen ghosts there in broad day and the open square" not knowing how like ghosts those two able-bodied men had regarded each other in that first moment of their meeting.

They had a private dinner served in Mr. Redesdale's own apartments, and their respective adventures were told again. Kenyon had gained an insight of his wife's plans by her attempts to enrole him out of the papers of his employer, but he guarded his trust secretly until the power to do so departed from him, and it was left to the schemer to triumph more fully and more easily than even she had anticipated. The first news which reached him after his rescue and landing on his native soil again was that the cousin whose name was the same as his own had been dead for three years, and that he was sole heir. He entered his claims at once; but the time since his cousin's death and his own long absence in foreign parts made the whole affair rather tedious to settle; there was much to be done in the way of hunting up proofs and certifying to statements before it could be settled, as had been done finally that very day.

Meantime he had not forgotten the trust of his late employer. He was not long in discovering the steps his wife had taken, but she had already worn her false position for nearly two years, and a few weeks more could signify little while it would leave him better prepared to cope with her. Had he appeared in his poverty and friendlessness as her accuser, with no testimony to back his word, she could readily enough have faced him down with some plausible story, and left him a mark of contumely for attempting the malicious libel she would most probably have represented the tale.

His yearning for his daughter had led him to reveal himself prematurely, as it was. Since the night of the masked ball he had been ill at ease through his distrust of her. It was scarcely like Mirette to give up the game without a desperate effort for the triumph. His own pressing matters of business disposed of, he determined to seek her again, and was on his way when this opportune meeting occurred.

Mr. Redesdale imparted his fears and anxieties regarding his own daughter. Their mutual disclosures and after-consultation resulted in a conviction that the sudden disappearance of the party covered more desperate purposes than yet had been suspected.

They were only partly correct in their conclusions, since the false Mrs. Redesdale was ignorant of other danger threatening her than appeared with the husband whose bleaching bones she had hoped were long ere this decorating a little South Sea desert isle.

Another reconceit took place that afternoon. As Aubrey turned a corner, quite absorbed in his own reflections, he ran square against a young man in naval officer's uniform coming from the opposite direction.

Decidedly awkward, that. Beg your pardon most sincerely. Why, Forsythe, you! Lessingham, by all that's good! I had 'clouds in your head and wore boots of lead' to bring up against a fellow like that, hadn't you? By Jove, I'm glad to see you, though, old fellow."

"Where did you drop from, Forsythe? I thought you were safely stowed away out on the lakes, watching those sly little tricksters which shoot out from the Canada side."

"Been exchanged. Come, I have just three hours to spare, and then I'm back to duty again. Don't make any excuses, boy. There are some very developments at hand, which I'll give you an inkling of, if the rare compliment of my society isn't inducement enough."

Later, when the two friends sat over a delicious dinner in a neighboring club-room, Forsythe reverted to those same developments which were soon to come.

"We're on particular duty down along the Jersey coast. A nice little smuggler's nest there which has eluded the sharpest for years past, and might have gone on forever undiscovered, but one of our jolly tars put on a disguise and went scouting with such effect that he worked along with them for a couple of months, learned the ropes and got away without being suspected. We go out to-night and shall cruise about until their boat runs in, then swoop down and rake them out clean, men and booty. What would you think now to find a man with whom you've been hand and glove—one of your sports here about the city, and whom Dame Rumor reports on suspiciously intimate terms with a gay widow, rich as she's fair and dashing—what would you say to finding such a man the acknowledged head of the precious gang?"

"Simply incredible. At least, not within the range of probability."

"True, for all. And the best of it is we have reason to believe we shall snare him along with all the smaller gang."

"Him—whom? I can't imagine!"

"Let me whisper in your ear, then. The gay, the brilliant, the versatile—the honored, petted, lucky—the hated, feared, adventurous—Colonel Marquestone. Those are the gradations he ranges through, I believe, in society, with the women, and among the men."

"Marquestone?"

"Marquestone. Why, man, you look horrified as if he might be your own grandmother, and you had to bear the burden of the ancestral sins. The gallant colonel's course is about given up. We have it from sources authentic that he has gone yachting down to the rendezvous. Our informant—say if you don't object to plain terms—says he had ladies aboard, but he was tracked to the very spot, so there's no mistaking. If it be the fair fiancée—Good Lord! has the boy gone wild?"

He might well be excused for asking. Aubrey nearly overturned the table to grasp him by the hand, pouring out protestations of gratitude, rejoicing and thankfulness, seeming to the young revenue officer as quite uncalculated for.

"Forsythe, I'm indebted for life! It's certainly the right clue we've got hold of at last."

"Shall I take your note for that debt, or your word? Since it's a life affair one's as good as the other, I suppose. Now sit down and tell me what you mean by such incomprehensible conduct, will you?"

Aubrey, the first burst over, complied.

After the recital was concluded, the dinner over, and the last minute of Lieutenant Forsythe's time of leave expired, the two friends shook hands warmly and parted. The lieutenant went his way back to his vessel, and Aubrey went straight to the apartments of Mr. Redesdale.

The revenue cutter sailed that night; and next morning a large, trimly-rigged yacht, well manned and provisioned for a number of days, followed in her wake. And aboard the yacht were Mr. Redesdale, Alec Kenyon, and Aubrey Lessingham.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 149.)

"I beg your pardon," the colonel said, suddenly, "but, if you will excuse the liberty, I should like to ask you a few questions."

A shade passed rapidly over the face of Rimee; but, quick as it was, it did not escape the watching eyes of the colonel.

Finding that the young man did not reply, the old man went on in his speech.

"If you remember, when I met you before I took the liberty of asking you some questions."

"Yes, sir, I remember it distinctly," Rimee said, quickly and coldly.

"Ah, you do remember?" The colonel detected a gleam in the dark, handsome eyes, although a strong effort was being made to conceal it. The mask of cold indifference was so slight, though, to deceive the keen-eyed soldier.

"Yes, sir," Rimee said, coldly, and with a touch of haughtiness in his manner. "I frankly say, sir, that I can not understand in what way myself or fortunes can concern you in the least; but you asked me certain questions and I answered them to the best of my ability."

"I again beg your pardon, sir," the colonel said, stiffly, and there was a look in his stern gray eyes which forced the fiery black ones to drop before them, "and I trust you will excuse my questions when I tell you that they are of great importance to me."

"I am at your service, sir," Rimee said, impatiently, and the full red lips came together firmly.

"Your mother's name was Catherine, and you were born in Norfolk, Virginia, twenty-four years ago," the colonel continued, gravely, a peculiar look in his cold gray eyes.

Rimee seemed utterly and thoroughly astonished; there was no mask upon the face now. He stared at the ex-soldier as if he could hardly believe the evidence of his ears.

"You must be laboring under some strange mistake, sir," Rimee exclaimed, evidently greatly bewildered, "or else I have misunderstood you."

"Perhaps you have; I do not always speak plainly," the colonel rejoined, quietly. "Oblige me with your attention and I will repeat my remark. Your mother's name was Isabel, and you were born at New Orleans twenty-five years ago."

The hot blood swept over the face of Rimee as the colonel spoke; too late he saw the pitfall which the soldier had dug for him and into which he had fallen.

"Ah! you are silent," the colonel said. "If I had made this last statement first how quickly you would have contradicted it. You were all prepared for that. I am sure now; the information that I have received is correct. And now tell me one thing: why is it that you bear me such a deadly hatred? Did your mother instill it into you with the milk which gave you life?"

With a violent effort Rimee had recovered his self-possession, but the olive-tinted face was paler than it was wont to be.

"I can not understand, sir, why you should take me to be other than I am. I told you on our first meeting that my name was John Rimee, and that I was born in France," he said, coldly.

"But your mother's name?"

"You spoke it but now."

"Isabel?"

"No, Catherine."

"Catherine?" and a quiet smile appeared on the face of the colonel as he uttered the name.

"Yes; you can easily understand my astonishment at hearing you, an entire stranger to me, pronounce the name of my mother."

"Well played, young man," the colonel muttered, to himself, biting the long ends of his mustache.

"I trust that you are perfectly satisfied now that I speak the truth," Rimee said, slowly.

"I am satisfied that you are the child of the woman named Isabel, and who, in New Orleans, twenty-five years ago, was known as Mrs. De Long, the wife of a Creole planter, whose place was just above Shreveport on the Red river."

"Again I assure you, sir, that you are laboring under strange misapprehension," the young man said.

"Perhaps so," the colonel replied, slowly, "but time will tell."

Then the colonel stepped aside so that the young man could go on.

"Good-morning," Rimee said politely, and then hurried round the angle of the hill.

The colonel did not speak, but just nodded his head in answer to the salutation. He remained quite a time, motionless upon the spot where the interview had taken place. Then he seemed to recover himself from the abstraction into which he had fallen, and walked thoughtfully on.

Get-up Gulch, where the mine of the company of which Colonel Jack was president was located, was some three miles from the Bar, and as the colonel walked on very leisurely, his hands behind him, deep in meditation, it was about an hour before he arrived at the mine.

The colonel entered the shanty, his office, and seating himself, plunged at once into business. The morning's work was transacted as usual, and when noon came, and the colonel was proceeding to dispatch a red herring and a cracker accompanied by a glass of whisky, the president of the Get-up Gulch Mining Company's usual lunch, in walked Jim Turner, and quietly helped himself to an empty herring-box, and sat down.

Turner was a tall, muscular fellow, with a huge brown beard and a shock of brown hair. He was one of the leading men of Get-up Gulch, and owned two eighth of the "Bull-pout strike," the best paying mine—in a small way—for miles around.

"Hallo, Jim," said the colonel.

"Morning, kurnel," replied Jim, abstractedly.

"Have a herring and a cracker?" the colonel asked, tendering the hospitalities of his mansion.

"Don't keer much for herrin's; much obliged to you all the same, kurnel."

"Take a little rye?" and Jacks held up the bottle.

"Wal, seen't it you, kurnel, I don't mind of I do take 'bout four fingers of it," Jim remarked, soberly.

The liquor was poured out and dispatched at a single swallow.

And then, Jacks looked inquiringly at Turner. It was very evident to the colonel that his visitor had something on his mind.

The colonel looked at Turner and Turner looked at the colonel; then Turner removed a huge plug of tobacco from his mouth, got up, turned the herring-box down sideways and mounted it.

"Kurnel, when in the natur' of human events"—then Turner stuck.

"Spit it out, Jim," said the colonel, encouragingly, passing him the bottle.

"Oh, blazes to splinter, kurnel, we're goin' to raise 'tarnal smash round hyer, and we want you to head the 'b'lin'!"

And then Turner dismounted from the box and took a sw

SOLON.

BY JOE JOT, JR.

In ancient times there lived a man
As wise as you could be,
Named Solon, and in all the land
Was none so wise as he.

He was a true philosopher,
Of which the world has few,
And was the first to demonstrate
That one and one is two.

And, what is more than we know now,
He knew about the laws;
Indeed he was a keen old fellow,
And left some sharp old saws.

It was by accident he found
That one could not get wet
If he would hurry when it rains
And get beneath a shed.

He knew then that the earth was not
Exactly like a pill,
And was the first to teach the world
Water don't run up hill.

He proved that nobody could fall
From tree-tops any more
If he'd have common sense enough
To climb down just before.

He taught the people it was wrong
To carry melted lead
In coat-pockets, and for this
They blessed his kindly head.

He first discovered men could see
But little without eyes,
And showed that ignorance was but
The lack of being wise.

A Man's Work.

BY LETTIE ARTLEY IRONS.

"AND you really think, Cheswick, that it is possible for a true woman to be connected with a circus?"

"I am not prejudiced, Braxton, and I do think it possible. Not probable, I grant you, but still possible. If you doubt it, look at that woman's face."

The words, spoken incautiously loud, floated across the intervening space and reached Inza Dare. She sat like a queen on her prancing steed, as proudly graceful, as haughtily erect, as if she were not an *affiche* of a traveling circus; the long, sweeping plume of her hat drooping over her shoulders, and her black velvet habit falling in graceful folds around her slender *petite* figure. Just now she was not listening to the tiresome small talk of her attendant cavalier, and the carelessly spoken words, so full of meaning to her, attracted her attention. She raised her eyes with a sudden flame in them, and, looking in the direction of the sound, met the clear, earnest gaze of Lynn Cheswick, which was instantly returned.

For just a moment she studied that handsome, manly face, with its clear, dark eyes, and long, drooping mustache of golden brown that matched his waving hair—studied it with an earnestness for which she could hardly have accounted. Then she withdrew her eyes, and glanced down the long, glittering line before her.

"So there is one person of all the world who has a good opinion of me," she thought, bitterly, seeming still to see the earnest eyes of the man who had thought her face was proof of her womanliness. "At this rate—"

She did not finish the thought. Lifting her eyes, they fell on a large poster on the opposite wall, bearing, in staring red letters, the words:

"INZA, THE DARING EQUESTRIENNE QUEEN." Again the hot flame leaped to her eyes, and she turned away with a passionate gesture of impatience. The band was playing loudly; on every side hundreds of people were looking at the cavalcade. She did not notice them—her mind was too busily occupied. There are crises in all our lives; this day was a crisis in Inza Dare's.

When the ground was reached and the tents up, she sought the manager, and expressed her intention of leaving the circus at once. In vain Monsieur stormed and expostulated. The chain—forged by want—that bound her to this life, was a hateful one, and though she did not realize it—something in Lynn Cheswick's face and words gave her courage to break it.

So, all unknowing, she left the old life behind her, and went out alone, in the gathering dusk, to meet her destiny.

She had twenty-five dollars in her pocket; she was alone and friendless, a stranger in a strange place. Walking slowly along, thinking over the problem, she stumbled against a well-dressed elderly gentleman, coming out of a shop. He turned, begged pardon, and then, at sight of her face, stopped with a sudden exclamation.

"For Heaven's sake, madame, what is your name?" he asked.

"Inza Dare."

"Her name, too," he muttered, as if to himself, then to her, "Dare is not your own name?"

"No, it is the name of my foster-parents. I was a foundling. The name 'Inza' was on my clothing."

She was inwardly wondering at his questions, but answered them without hesitation, she hardly knew why.

"Was there no clue?" he asked, eagerly—"a note, a locket, or—"

"This only." She lifted a chain of fine gold from her neck, and held it toward him.

He looked at it with emotion. "It is *her* chain—your mother's! You have her face and voice. You are Inza Somers, and my granddaughter. Your mother, Inza Rulande, married against my wishes. Her husband died when you were but a few weeks old, and my daughter drowned herself. Her lifeless body was found floating in the river, but of you, my infant, no trace could be found. I could not believe you dead, and I have been looking for you always. You will come home with me?"

So the problem was solved for her, and Inza went to live at the hall, a grand old place that had been the home of the Rulandes for hundreds of years.

It was a nine days' wonder, of course. The aristocracy of the neighborhood were very much surprised and shocked, but they could afford to be gracious. She was no longer Inza Dare, the friendless waif, but Inza Somers, the beautiful, petted granddaughter of Fletcher Rulande, and heiress to all the broad lands of Rulande Hall.

And to Inza herself the world seemed suddenly to have blossomed from a barren desert into a wilderness of spring bloom. She filled the old house with gay young guests; she talked and sung, and lived all the glad young life within her without restraint. She saw Lynn Cheswick almost constantly, and as the days went by, she came to realize, with an intensity that brought the shy roses out on her cheeks at the thought, that one glance from his clear, brown eyes, one smile from the gravely tender lips, that always spoke so gently, was worth more to her than all the world beside.

So her new life opened brightly, with apparently no cloud to dim it. Only, sometimes there crept into it a dark shadow from the past that, while it lingered, checked the song on her lips, and darkened the light of her eyes. But here, in this new home, no shadow could remain long, and she was happy.

"Inza, you are perfectly radiant! That dress makes you look like Undine, only she was never half so lovely, I am sure."

And impulsive, warmhearted Nina Reid threw herself into the low rocker of Inza's dressing-room, and looked admiringly up at her laughing friend.

She *did* look beautiful, in her misty dress of pale sea-green, with her long golden hair floating over her shoulders, and a rosy flush mounted to her face as she glanced into the tall mirror at the graceful figure reflected there, and thought shyly that perhaps Lynn Cheswick might admire her too.

"Thank you, Nina," she replied, smiling. "Shall we go down? I must be ready to receive my guests, and I hear a carriage approaching."

It was one of the grandest parties of the season, and when the guests had all arrived, the spacious rooms of Rulande Hall were crowded. It was still early in the evening when Inza, standing for a moment alone, rather abstractedly watching the scene before her, was aroused by Lynn Cheswick's voice at her side:

"There was a sound of revelry by night," he quoted, gayly. "Are you studying human nature from this display, Miss Somers?"

"Not exactly," was the smiling answer. "I believe I was castle-building."

"Will you come into the conservatory?"

"With pleasure. The rooms are disagreeably warm."

The conservatory was a beautiful place, with rare plants, whose tropical luxuriance and dreamy odors made it a flowery paradise; but they only lingered there a moment, and then stepped out upon a tiny, vine-wreathed portico, where the air was laden with spice from the dew-wet roses, and the sobbing strains of Beethoven's Grand Dream Waltz came like a sweet, sad murmur.

They stood for a moment in silence, and then Lynn Cheswick turned to the fair woman upon his arm:

"Inza," he said, with all the strong love of a strong man in his voice, "I asked you to come here that I might tell you something I have wished to long. Something of it you must have divined from your own heart, but you can not know how much, how dearly, I love you, nor how I want you."

He had taken one of her hands, and she laid the other upon his shoulder, and lifted her face to his.

"I love you, too," she whispered, with sweet frankness; "and if you will take me, knowing all my past, I will be yours."

He wound his arms about her, and kissed, with passionate fondness, the sweet face upon his breast.

"Let the past be past, Inza; I care nothing for it so long as I have you."

"But there is something I want to tell you—something—"

She hesitated, and even through the cool darkness, he felt the cheek that touched his own grow suddenly hot.

"Go on," he said gently; "my darling is not afraid to tell me."

"No, not afraid, for perfect love casts out doubt; but, Lynn—"

The sentence was never finished. Inside the conservatory some one began repeating, in clear, mocking tones, the lines:

"There is mockery in our wooing; there is death in all our hours;
He liveth best who loveth least—the fool alone ceases."

It was a man's voice, low and musical, but at its first sound Inza Somers' heart gave a great, frightened throb, and then seemed to stand still. It was so sudden—the breaking of that clear, well-remembered—only too well remembered—voice, into her happy present, just as she was thinking of its owner, too, that she almost screamed aloud, as she sprang from her lover's arms and stood trembling beside him, gazing with dilating eyes in the direction whence it came. Lynn felt the startled quivering of the hand, still within his own, and turned toward her in surprise.

"What is it, Inza? What frightened you?"

Before she could reply the door opened into the conservatory was flung wide, and a broad, clear banner of light streamed out, clearly revealing them both, as well as the man who stood within it—a tall, elegant man—handsome one would have said, only for the bad lines in his face, who fixed his eyes on the shrinking girl before him, and bowed gracefully.

"An unexpected pleasure, Miss Somers," the musical voice said. "How do you do?"

She drew herself up haughtily. "Preston Waldrige, how dare you come here to my grandfather's house, and presume to speak to me?" she demanded.

He laughed a light, mocking laugh, that caused Lynn Cheswick's strong right hand to clench involuntarily.

"The son of your grandfather's friend is a welcome guest," he replied, lightly, "but you, Pansy—times have changed it seems to me. I presume, do I?"

A passionate gesture of scorn was her only reply to the sneer, but Lynn turned to him fiercely.

"Not another word to this lady, sir!" he commanded; "you are speaking to my betrothed wife!"

An evil light shone in Preston Waldrige's eyes.

"Indeed!" he said sneeringly. "Before making her your wife, had you not better inquire whether she has not already been the wife, in all but the name, of another man?"

Inza uttered a low cry, and stood as if paralyzed.

"I think she will not deny leaving her home 'lang syne' with me," he went on, with a mocking smile. "You appear surprised; pray ask her."

Struck by the assurance in his manner, and dumb with amazement, Lynn had stood mutely gazing at him, but now he turned his bewildered eyes upon Inza, who stood motionless beside him. Something in her face, in the expression of her eyes as she stood looking at the accuser, in her drooping posture and shrinking air, showed that there was the sting of truth in the accusation, and aroused in his mind a doubt. For the moment he forgot his faith in the woman he loved, and placed it, as men are wont to do, in his fellow-man.

"Inza," he said, sternly, "what does this mean?"

She lifted her pleading eyes to his face, and read there, with all a woman's quickness, his doubt. Her face turned as white as the faces of the dead—her lips moved twice before she spoke. "Oh, my God!" she cried, sharply.

Then she was gone, down the steps—lost among the black shadows of the garden, and they were left alone, the two men who between them had hunted her down. Lynn Cheswick turned haughtily to his companion.

"Never speak to me again," he said, sternly. "I despise you too much for words to express."

When he returned to the parlor Inza was there among her guests, pale but composed. He staid but a few minutes, and an hour later Preston Waldrige, too, departed, but to the heart-crushed woman left behind, there came the knowledge, from a hundred little nameless things, that not to Lynn Cheswick alone had he repeated the blackening story. And when, at an early hour, her guests departed, and she sat in the silence of her own room, there came a message from her grandfather, saying that he wished to see her in the library.

He turned to her sternly as she came in. "Inza, what is this shameful story that I hear?" he asked.

She looked up at him, and in his face, also, she read that the word of a man who would unblushingly avow himself a villain had been taken against her. With a low moan she slid down at his feet, where she lay white and still.

The front parlor of Rulande Hall was darkened—the servants moved about with low voices and noiseless footsteps. In that darkened room, with quiet hands folded over her pulseless heart, Inza Somers lay in her coffin, and kneeling beside her, with his white anguish-faced hidden in his hands, Lynn Cheswick wrestled with his agony. He had sown the seed, and this was his harvest.

From that long swoon Inza had awakened to rave in the wild delirium of brain fever, and in the days that followed, while they hung over her, watching for one ray of returning reason, they had heard the whole story from her unconscious lips—of her cheerless, loveless childhood, of the idle tourist loitering in the lovely New England village; of his accidental meeting with the innocent child of fifteen, and following up the acquaintance thus begun; of his professed love that was the first ray of sunshine in her darkened life; of the displeasure of the Dares; of the insidious protestations of the man who had grown, in a few short weeks, to be her all; of her elopement with him, and the discovery, on reaching the city, of the great wrong he had intended her; of her horrified flight from him; of the long days of struggling with want afterward; of her connection with the circus; of her meeting with Preston Waldrige two years after her flight from him, and his threats of vengeance because of her scorn—all this and much more, they had heard as they hung over her, battling with the Destroyer, and praying with all the strength of love and reason that she might be spared to them. They had prayed in vain. Under the blow her woman's heart had broken, and without one lucid moment in which they might beg forgiveness and say farewell—she was dead.

Dead! Silent forever—forever gone! A mighty cry rose to Lynn Cheswick's lips as he looked down upon her:

"Ah, Inza! My poor murdered darling! Only come back and say that you forgive me!"

Vain regrets! The dead lips would never speak—the remorseful prayer never be answered.

The perfume from the roses stole in through the window; the robins hopped upon the sill and peered curiously into the darkened room at the sweet dead face in the coffin, and the living one so full of anguish and remorse beside it.

And out in the summer sunshine the man who had wrought this ruin walked upright with unblushing face among his fellow-men, not only tolerated, but honored and respected!

Forecastle Yarns.

BY C. D. CLARK.

A RACE FOR A WHALE.

"WE sailed from Martha's Vineyard early in the spring, for those were the days when whaling was whaling, and the captain who sent in a full cargo of prime oil was a made man, and the crew could jingle many dollars in their breeches pockets. Nowadays, instead of bumpin' ile, I've heard tell that they dig into the airth and let out a nasty, stinkin' stuff they call Peter-oleum. I should think it was by the smell, but I don't hold to no sech new-fangled notions. Why, in those days a harpooner was a big man; but what is he now, I ask you—what is he now? Little better, by the big horn spoon, than a common foremast Jack. T'd as live be a blue-jacket, and done with it."

"That's so, Old Ben," replied one of the mess. "The Sarah Ann was a tidy craft, and let her once get the wind ahead and she'd skip along in a way that would 'stunish you, and we got up into the North Sea as soon as the best. When we got on the fishing-ground, it was dark, but at 'arly morning we saw company—a heavy Dutch-built brig and an English barque. I knowed the Englishman by his stumpy topmasts—I can tell a lime-juicer as fur as I can see him. I don't hold to lime-juice myself, and would as soon have the scurvy. Potatoes will keep it off better than that blasted juice."

Murmurs of approval from the listeners, who hated lime-juice as they did the father of evil, and Old Ben went on:

"See here," said the old man, who was standing by the rail. "There's a Johnny Bull—and there's a Dutchman, and I don't 'low any sech to beat me. Will you pull, my sons, when the whale blows?"

"Would we! I guess a Yankee sailor can't bear to be beat, and we g'in the old man three cheers. Just then the look-out on the to'galant fok'sel sung out, 'There she blows!' and when we looked out, there was spouts, maybe a mile away—a trifle nearer the other craft than you."

"Jump, you timber-toes, jump!" yelled the mate. "Oh, do jump; start your seams, you sea draft; away you go!"

"I tell you, boys, there was some lively work done in getting those boats into the water. The Johnny and Hans were not asleep, and when we headed away from the Sarah Ann, there they were pulling like devils, and we had further to go than they. I was harpooner, and pulled bow, of course, and if I ever pulled in my life, I did then. The captain was a little fellow, but one of the smartest seamen afloat. He was half standing in the stern, making the oar play through the water as he steered, and cheering us in old-fashioned whaleman's style."

"That's a Johnny Bull, my boys," he said, "and you can't allow him to beat us. If you do, I'll jump overboard. Stretch yourselves and pull; pull, till every thing starts; pull for the stars and stripes—*E Puribus Unum*, and the rest of it. And a Dutchman, boys; a Dutchman. You can't let him beat you—go to sleep, boys, if you love me. I hear some of you snoring now. Waken up and pull, oh, do, please!"

"As if we were not pulling! Not a man in the crew but felt that all depended on his arm. We had not passed half a mile of water, when we were side by side, and the captain's boat of each nationality strained to the van. It was nip and tuck, now Yankee, now Dutchman, then Englishman—and the devil take the hindmost. The other boats were strung out in the rear, but we in the captain's boat felt that the honor of the Yankee nation depended upon our arms, and we pulled well. So did they—I'll give 'em credit, for they deserve it."

"Soundings," says the captain. "There goes *Blue's*!"

"We had all headed for the nearest fish—a big sperm with a jaw like a Dutch galoot. As he went down, the captain lighted his pipe and we sat with suspended oars, waiting. Where would he rise? Would it be nearer us than the others? All depended upon that. Our rivals rested upon their oars, and much chaff was hurled from the opposing boats by the crews, while the captains watched each other with implacable eyes. When the usual time of sounding had passed, the captain knocked the ashes

from his pipe and half rose in the stern-sheets.

"Now for the honor of the stars and stripes, boys. Do pull, if you spring a leak. I ask it as a friend. Do you see that Johnny laughing at us, boys? He's counting the barrels, the rich, clear barrels they expect to draw from our fish. But it can't be, boys; you never will allow it. Ha; there she breaches! Pull, ye devils, pull. Go in, Ben, go in! Let 'em have it, the worst kind. Break your backs, you sons of freedom; un'lint your backbones, if you must."

"The Englishman had a slight advantage, for the whale breached within four hundred yards of him, and we were twenty fathoms from his boat. I never pulled as I pulled then, and yet you ought to have seen the old man. We couldn't do enough to suit him, and the Englishman was just as bad. The calchalot had made us out now, and sticking his big head out of the water—they always do that when they want to go—away he went, dead before the wind, and we after him. The Dutchman never gave up, but we could see that he was outside the ring, and our first mate and another Englishman were racing down on another fish, with our boat ahead. You never heard such howling in all your life. If the fate of the nations depended on us, we couldn't have worked harder, and we drew up on the Johnny, inch by inch. But we were getting close enough to the whale, too, and a minute more would tell the story. I was so crazy that I wanted to send my harpoon into that English harpooner and stop him that way, and yet it was all fair. But to be beat—to be beat by a Johnny—that's where the shoe pinched me. Closer, closer; we were almost stem and stern, when the Englishman yelled to his man to 'stand up!'"

"I didn't wait for an order then, but whirled with my harpoon in my hand, just in time to see the Englishman with his iron raised above his head. He lifted his foot to get it against the cleat, but there was a little water in the boat, and his foot slipped from the cleat, and he went head first into the water. He slung the iron as he went, and I saw it glance from the whale's back, cut out a furrow, and drop into the sea on the other side. Long before it struck the water, my iron was in the whale's hard and fast."

"Starn all!"

"We backed out of danger, the Johnny swearing until all was blue, and our captain smilin' as a basket of chips. Their harpooner dove and came up out of the hurry, and they was so mad that I thought one time they wasn't going to help him in. But they did at last and bore away for another fish, leaving us in our glory. The Dutchman was ahead of them, though, and made fast to the fish he was arter, and the Johnny didn't get a cussid fish. We killed ours and the first mate another, and mebbe I didn't get double grog all that trip. But if that man's foot hadn't slipped, I should have been disgraced."

Beat Time's Notes.

THE boy's description—I'll tell you as how it was—you see Bill and me was down at the dam—excuse me—catching fish, though we didn't catch any; I only got one bite and Bill told me to scratch, but I didn't. Well, I reach in my pocket and found my knife, and it was gone, and I said Bill you stole my knife, and he said I was another, and I said go there yourself, and he said it was no such a thing, and I said he was a liar and could whip him if I was bigger'n him, and he said he'd rock me to sleep mother, and I said he was a bigger one, and he said I never had the measles, and I said for him to fork over that knife, and he said he couldn't see the fork, and I said I'd fix him for a tomestone at Robertson's. And he said my grand-mother was no gentleman, and I said he daren't take it up, but he did, you bet, you never well, you never did. Then I got up again, and said he was too much afraid to do it again, and he tried to but he didn't, and I grabbed him and throwed him down on top of me like several brick; and I tell you it beat all—and so did he and my little dog got behind Bill and bit him, and Bill kicked at the dog, and the dog ran, and I ran after the dog to fetch him back and didn't catch him till I got clear home, and I'll whip him more yet. Is my eye very black?"

Last night I overheard the soft voice of some soft fellow in the following to the moon—or somebody else:

Mary had a little lamb of the sheep persuasion,
The fleece on its back were white as snow,
And every where that Mary went any place
The lamb was sure to go on a bust,
It went with her to school one day,
Which was against the golden rule,
It made the children laugh and take pestime
To see the little fool,
And so the teacher turned him inside out
But he sat upon the fence,
And waited patiently about twelve o'clock
Till Mary had her appearance and came out—

But at this point the ungentlemanly hiccup cut the balance of the song all up into little bits of shoestrings.

THINGS go by turns, and an organ is certainly one of those things, one of which was in town yesterday, in company with an Italian nobleman in disguise, and a monkey, also in disguise, trying to turn an honest penny. The nobleman drew up the notes and the monkey did the collecting, but I think they did a large credit business here—the people not being favorable to double-barreled music. Little children grow wild over the little monkey. Sage heads found amusement looking at the monkey, and the monkey found amusement looking at the sage heads. Jones got excited and said he intended to buy an organ and start out, but I told him I didn't think he could get anybody to turn for him.

SMITH says he never sees a moral chap making magnanimous efforts to keep on the sidewalk without the slightest balance in his favor—or, rather balanced like a young gosling—but what he grows humane over the desire to carry half his load.

OXIONS are a very fine fruit, and are eaten on the sly; their odor is quite strongly, but I know a young lady who publicly scorned them who didn't eat them privately, with impunity and salt.

PAY your respects to your debts if you can't pay the debts—I'm not in debt, but it isn't my fault.

LET your conversation be upright, whether you be with a member of Congress or a gentleman.

A CLOTHES line was arrested the other day with three sheets in the wind on a big reel.

NEW song for the nose—wait till I blow my catarrh.

How stirring some men are—with a spoon.

ALL is vanity and taxation of spirits.

A VERY sad lesson—lessening of wages.

SHADOWS ON THE WALL.

BY A PRIVATE SOLDIER.

I'm an old man, sad and lonely;
Wifeless, childless, there are none
To welcome home the toiler worn,
When his hard day's work is done:
Hollow smiles and hired service,
Only meet me at the door;
But I still for absent faces
Faces I shall see no more:

Save in fancy, when the daylight
Shrouds lies "neath Night's dark pall;
And the flickering fire-dance throws
Changing shadows on the wall.

Then, and only then, I see them,
Then I see them one and all;
But, alas, they are mere shadows,
Shadows on the parlor wall!

Boyhood's merry-hearted playmates,
Oh! I see them pictured there;
Ne'er again on earth I'll greet them,
For they are not—only were!

Manhood's true and tried companions,
Few and prized, I see them all;
One nearer yet, and dearer,
Smiles at me from yonder wall!

Well I know they are but shadows,
Ghosts who come at Men's cry's call;
Yet I like to see them nightly
Nightly on my parlor wall.

You may laugh and deem it folly,
Folly time to thus bewail;
Ah, my friend, be not too certain,
Wait, I pray you, wait awhile!

Wait till friends have all departed,
Wait till Love and Hope have perished,
Wait till all but Life has gone;
Then, perchance, though you're scornful,
You on Memory may call:

Like the old man, sad and lonely,
Welcome shadows on the wall.

ALL ABOUT CANARY BIRDS.—II.

CANARIES are often taught to sing tunes by means of a bird-organ, but it is very difficult to teach them. The bird must be taken away from the others while very young, so that it can not hear any other bird, and kept in a darkened cage, with just enough light to eat. By going into the room at night and playing on the organ an hour or more each evening, it will listen to the tune, its attention not being attracted by anything else in the room, which must be dark. If this course is pursued for several months the bird becomes able to sing the tune it has heard so frequently. Should it hear another bird during this time, it will in many cases not be successful; in fact it hardly repays one for the trouble, the work being so tedious. It is not long after the bird is let out of its quarters before it begins to lose the knowledge of the tune, because it hears the notes of other birds, which it tries to imitate, thereby forgetting the original notes. Professor Waterhouse Hawkins mentions the fact of a talking canary, that spoke a few words, which was exhibited in the streets of London a number of years ago. Mr. Sotheby recently sent a communication to the Zoological Society of London, giving a description of a talking canary belonging to a friend of his, that could whistle the first few bars of "God save the King," quite clearly, and would call "Minnie." "Kiss Minnie." "Kiss me now, dear Minnie," and several other phrases.

They can be taught to perform tricks which are very amusing and cause much astonishment to those who behold them. Many of our readers will remember a traveling showman who exhibited about a dozen performing canaries in the streets of this city a few years ago. He carried them in a small cage, together with a round stand, on which they performed their tricks. Four of the birds were taken from the cage, each dressed in a diminutive coat, and harnessed to a small wagon, another was placed upon the seat, the reins put in its bill, and two more were seated in the wagon. At a given signal, the birds drew the wagon around the stand, continuing their course until the showman rung a little bell, when they stopped and were put back into the cage. After a short rest the birds were again called upon to show their proficiency in the way of a drill. The whole force of birds were arrayed in bright regiments, tiny guns were put in the claws of one foot, and when one of the birds whistled a few notes they hopped on the remaining foot for a few moments in good order. Several other difficult as well as amusing tricks were shown, and the performance ended by one of the birds firing of a gun, pulling the trigger with its foot, affording much amusement to the bystanders gathered around to witness the exhibition.

In selecting canaries, a few instructions may be found useful as well as profitable. The mealy and the yellow are the two varieties most prized, as they possess the greatest excellence of song, together with the greatest beauty of color. As relates to song, those birds are most valuable that have not only their own notes, but some of the notes of other birds, nightingale and woodcock. The musical birds are usually mottled or mealy in color, the bright yellow-colored birds being less strong and hardy in the feathers, but are often chosen on account of their beautiful color. Care should be taken to select canaries that are about a